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# THE R.N. - ITS WIZARD

"LET'S GET CRACKING" IS ENGLISH EQUIVALENT FOR AMERICA'S "LET'S TAKE A TURN AROUND TOWN, TOOTS"

By FLUFFY TWINKLETOES

**M**Y mouth is rapidly filling with plums as life with the Royal Navy accumulates.

I "Bai Jove," "Reahhly," and "How Naice" all over the place.

I have dropped my southern drawl, "Sex yous," and "Oh, yairs," as if I had never used them.

There is not a trace of nasal twang in my routine.

"I couldn't agree more than I do" about how much I like to be seen round with R.N. uniforms and Oxford accents.

I began making "hoo-pee" (English for whoopee), with His Majesty's Royal Navy emissaries a few weeks ago when the last of my Yankee buddies left town in the general exodus.

"Hoo-pee" is the

thing my current R.N. wants to "get cracking" with when he's off duty.

"Let's get cracking with a spot of hoopee, m'dear," he says.

Having a general idea of the score I put on a new face, and a "let's dine but don't dress" dress, and hope for the best.

The result equals "Let's take a turn round the town, Toots," and is a matter of adjustment which one soon swings into.

So on the whole "getting cracking" adds up to the same thing in this new language.

I haven't had any orchids yet, but I never did stay in the orchid class very long in the good old Yankee Occupation days.

But I'm hoping some day John Bull might catch me stealing a wistful look in a florist's window because I'm one hundred per cent. feminine about flowers, whether they're signed on the Union Jack or Stars and Stripes.

On the other hand, I'm glad I don't have to hide my embarrassment behind the outside corsage of dyed tuberose Texas Ted used to present so proudly over the dinner table, or focus through a jungle of gardenias which used to grow from shoulder to hipline on the dance floor.

I still have a "wizard" time when we're "right on the split yarn," but sometimes it's a little clouded with guilt in case the bill is a bit steep for my Type.

Even when he does meet the waiter square in the eye, I feel it's probably his last flutter until next pay day.

There are times, too, when the Navy barks an order to the waiter in what, to him, is his everyday voice.

To my Australian ear it's very frightening.

I sit holding my breath and purpling in the face, all fingers crossed under the table, wondering if the waiter will throw the soup down our necks or resign immediately.

I only relax when the coffee is on the table, black and hot, and in cups.

"I couldn't disagree more than I do" about this method of getting what you want, and feel anti-British until I cool off and realise that it's just an Englishman's way.

But it takes getting used to.

I have become used to being Dahling, Little One, Lamb, Old Girl, Funny Little Bunny, Sweet Child.

I have forgotten I was ever some-

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I like to stand aloof on the kerb while the R.N. steps out into the road shouting "Taxay," in its most authoritative voice.

But my heart bleeds for him when the taxi sweeps past without a side-ward glance from the driver.

The refinement of treading a stately measure on the dance floor appeals tremendously after trying to get into the groove in the pre-R.N. days.

My clumsiness and utter lack of jive were always so trying for my "date."

Now I can glide a 1930 waltz, tread on the Royal Naval spit and polish, and nothing is said or apparently thought, because it's mutual.

As for smoking, my taste in cigarettes is purely Empire now.

This took a major physical and aesthetic effort, because I love American cigarettes, and was only brought about by sheer necessity.

I am rapidly catching up on the private lives of Old Tedday—the

"TAXAY!" shouts the R.N. in its most authoritative voice.

Duke of Windsor, you know; Nancy—Lady Astor, of course; Noel—that clever devil, Coward; Dickay—Lord Mountbatten no less; and Dear Old Beaver—worth millions, my dear, Beaverbrook.

All passion is spent for a penthouse in New York, a swimming-pool in Hollywood, and a ranch in Nevada.

I'm planning a top-hole week-end in Surrey, a shoot in Old Tibby's box in Scotland, and a flat in Mayfair.

So this is the situation until our own boys come marching home again.



WHEN THE TAXI sweeps by without so much as a side-ward glance from the driver, my heart bleeds for my escort.



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# A VELVET GOWN

By . . .

FRANCES OGILVIE

CHARLOTTE hesitated briefly over the velvet dinner-dress. It seemed a little glamorous and frivolous for wartime. But in the end she folded it tenderly in tissue and laid it in her case. It was so different from the well-tailored tweedy things Dr. Charlotte Gray had always worn. Perhaps, Lotta thought wistfully, when she wore it, she, too, would be different—not crisp, capable, efficient, but glamorous and soft. A woman in love. It was not until she had tucked the last gleaming fold in the tissue that she remembered that wine was Sandra's color.

But she would not think of Sandra now. She would think only of herself and of Malcolm, who had wired her simply: "Have a week's leave before sailing. Can you come to London?"

She would think of that and of the letters he'd written in the past weeks about his Army training—gay letters that made her think of the days when, newly qualified doctors, they had first gone into practice together. They had been so poor but they had had so much fun.

It had seemed so wonderful to her that Malcolm had no prejudice against a woman doctor. That was before he met Sandra, of course. From the very first, Sandra had seemed to take all the laughter out of him. There wasn't room for laughter in a love as desperate as Malcolm's for Sandra. But she had taken something else, too—something perhaps more precious than laughter. She had taken the heart out of his work.

Sandra had taken him sharply in hand from the start. She had relatives; she meant to use them. "I'm going to see that you get somewhere, darling," she told him. "To the right place. With the right people."

Charlotte wondered if this alone would not finally have separated Malcolm and Sandra, even if Sandra had never been jealous of her. Of her . . . It seemed incredible, even at the end, even when Sandra had given her ultimatum to Malcolm: "Either dissolve this idiotic partnership with a woman doctor or our engagement is over," and Malcolm had said steadily, "All right—it's over, then, Sandra. If you want it like that." Charlotte, shocked, could not quite believe it.

But she had been sick over the misery in Malcolm's eyes. "But jealous of me!" she had cried. "She can't be, Malcolm. Not Sandra! Why didn't you tell her that you've never seen me as a woman at all?"

"No," he had said. "It isn't only that. She's out of tune with everything in my life . . . I've known it all along, I think—but I kept hoping."

He straightened his shoulders and patted her arm gently. "How about going over to the clinic, Doctor?" he said with a wry grin.

That was the summer of 1939. After that day Malcolm had not spoken of Sandra again. She had called more than once at the office, but he had never seen her. As the autumn came, it seemed to Charlotte that he was gradually forgetting Sandra, though she wasn't sure. She began to think breathlessly that perhaps one day . . . And then September came, and with it war! That changed everything.

Malcolm went at once into the R.A.M.C. He wrote to her often,

but under the gaiety of his letters she thought she caught a note of loneliness. For whom, she wondered. For her? For Sandra?

But he had wired her. She would remember only that. She touched the shimmering fold of the wine velvet once more. As she did so, a strain of an absurd old ballad drifted through her mind. Malcolm used to sing it in his gay moments, always a little off key—"My love will wear a velvet gown . . ."

She closed her case sharply and stood up. She would ask herself no questions now. She was going to Malcolm. When she saw him she would know. She glanced at her watch. She had plenty of time before her train to drop in at the hospital for a look at a small patient upon whom she had performed an operation that morning.

She ran into the hospital quickly and took the lift. Sister was hurrying out of one of the wards and at the sight of Charlotte she came forward.

"Good evening, Doctor," she said a little breathlessly. "I've been trying to ring you."

"The red-headed child?" said Charlotte sharply.

"Yes," said Sister. "He's had a hemorrhage."

"Thank you. I'll look at him," said Charlotte. "I'm going into the ward now."

SHE flung back the baize door into the children's surgical ward and looked swiftly toward the patient's bed. There was a V.A. with him, she saw. She was bending over him, applying compresses.

"Lie still," she was saying. "In a little while the doctor will come and you will be all right again."

Even from the doorway Charlotte could see that the compress was clumsily applied. She moved forward briskly toward the bed, and at the sound of her step the V.A. turned. Charlotte gave an astonished gasp.

"Sandra!" she cried. "Sandra, Carr!"

"I'm glad you've come," said Sandra. "I knew he was your case. I was doing my best. But I'm not very good at this sort of thing, it seems."

"You were doing splendidly," said Charlotte briefly, turning her entire attention upon the child. She forgot time. She forgot it was Sandra standing beside her holding the basin, handing her the fresh sterile gauze for padding. She even forgot Malcolm, who was waiting for her in London. She was not a woman now; she was a doctor.

Charlotte and Sandra waited together by the child's bed until a nurse came to take over. Then they went into the small consulting-room nearby. Charlotte took off the white starched overall she had hastily borrowed, and stood by the edge of the desk, her eyes on Sandra, who had dropped into a chair, managing somehow to look sweet and graceful even in her stiff V.A. uniform.

"How long have you been here?" Charlotte asked. "As a V.A., I mean."

"Not very long," said Sandra. "I expect I'm awkward." She smiled at Charlotte—a winsome, engaging smile. It was almost as if she had calculated its charm.



"No," she said. "You aren't awkward; you were doing very well. And heaven knows we need you—all of you who've volunteered as V.A.s. But somehow I hadn't thought you—"

"Yes, I know," said Sandra. "Malcolm thought I took no interest in his work. That's how we—that's why we . . ."

"You hurt him," said Charlotte. "Nothing he cared for meant anything to you at all. You saw medicine as only a means to an end. And such an end! Money. Position. Social advancement. Malcolm saw it as healing. As service. That's why you couldn't go on together. That's why you—"

"How long have you been a V.A. here?" Charlotte asked.

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# THE INSIGNIFICANT WONG LOH

By ...  
**WALTER BROWN**



Shuraki fired twice more in quick succession at the American Commander.

**L**YING flat against the sloping roof of faded blue tiles that overlooked the Hutung Hung Teng—Red Lamp Lane—Captain Tenjo Shuraki, of the Japanese Kempeitai, gripped his black-barrelled automatic as he watched the crooked hutung, closed now to all traffic by a cordon of Chinese military police.

He knew that presently, along this protective lane of well-armed watchers, would come the man whom it was his eagerly accepted mission to kill. Shuraki had chosen his ambush post well, for it was directly opposite the wide-open gates of the Happy Dragon Teahouse, where his unwarned victim was scheduled to hold rendezvous with the famous Chinese General Sheng.

Disguised as a Chinese beggar, Shuraki had been patiently haunting Red Lamp Lane for days.

Shuraki's fingers tightened tensely on the automatic as a black limousine came rolling swiftly along Red Lamp Lane. Without slackening speed, it whirled through the gates of the Happy Dragon.

Wong Loh, the mafuo, rushed forward to open the car door, for a grey-haired officer in immaculate uniform.

Sucking in his breath with a deep-drawn hiss, the Japanese forced his hand to steadiness as he raised the automatic. This was the man he had sworn to destroy—this thrice-accursed American, sky master of the great Super-Fortresses whose coming had struck stark terror into the very heart of Japan.

Steadily, carefully, Shuraki took aim.

Now the grey-haired American sky master was directly within the

sights of the black-barrelled automatic.

And it was that precise moment that the insignificant Wong Loh, happening to glance upward, caught a glimpse of Shuraki's dark figure rising above the roof-line.

"Hail!" the mafuo gasped, and with reckless disregard of his own safety he lunged forward, thrusting against the American sky master just as Shuraki's bullet ploughed through the windshield of the limousine.

Standing upright now, Shuraki fired twice more in quick succession at the American commander, roused by Wong Loh's frantic gestures, made a headlong jump to cover behind the metal bulk of the automobile.

By that time the startled Chinese guards along the hutung had swung into action, firing hastily at the shadowy figure on the roof. But defiantly Captain Shuraki held his upright position, and, frenzied with rage, turned his gun upon Wong Loh.

A sudden pain through his leg brought Shuraki sprawling on the roof. With probing fingers he felt where the bullet had passed through the fleshy part of his calf, and swiftly tearing a strip from his beggar's shawl, tied it hastily to stop the spurting blood.

Then, as the Han guards raced forward to climb the hutung walls, the Japanese crawled to the rear edge of the tiled roof, and dropped to the ground.

Gritting his teeth against the pain of movement, he crept through a weed-grown garden, clambered over a wall of rough stones, and groped his way through a dark and deserted courtyard into the next hutung.

But Shuraki knew his situation was desperate. The bloodstains on

the roof would show his enemies he was wounded. Fo-Shao was a walled town—orders would go out at once to the four gates to seize any wounded man, and when daylight came he would have no chance at all to escape detection.

"It is useless to rush about like a rat in a bamboo trap," he told himself. "I must think—I must plan—"

And very soon he had a plan shaping up in his mind, for Captain Tenjo Shuraki, of the Imperial Secret Police, was well trained in quick thinking and the use of ruthless guile. He must find a doctor, and then escape from this walled town before daylight.

Limping painfully, he made his way to Lung-chen Lane. Memory had served him well, for there were a doctor's insignia at North-Four. An elderly Chinese opened to his knocking and Shuraki limped inside.

"I have a flesh wound in the leg, kuan," Shuraki explained. "Hasten, for I grow weak from loss of blood."

The slant-eyed doctor removed the blood-soaked rag, and his eyes grew round. "Hoi! This is a wound made by a bullet! It is required by law that I make report to the police yamen."

"Wah!" Shuraki agreed, smiling. "I do not fear to tell my story to the police. But first, kuan, attend to my wound."

Reassured by his patient's calm and polite manner, the Chinese doctor proceeded to cleanse and bind up the bullet wound. And then, as he was washing the bloody stains from Shuraki's leg, the Japanese, leaning forward, brought the heavy butt end of the automatic down on the kuan's head. Twice more he struck.

Moving with speed and precision, he stripped the slant-eyed doctor of silk robe and brocaded slippers, donning them in place of his soiled beggar's shawl and broken coolie sandals. Then he hunted through the doctor's belongings until he found his hu-chao—the official passport to the city gates.

"Banzai!" Shuraki grinned as he let himself out of the dead kuan's house and crept from Lung-chen Lane to a wide cross street, where he boldly hailed a passing cart driver.

"Fifty yuan if you will carry me to the village of Ho-Kai!"

"The city gates are closed at this hour, master," the driver replied.

"I am a kuan," Shuraki declared. "I have a hu-chao."

"Can do!" the driver agreed then, and reached down to help his passenger into the cart.

When they came to the barricaded North Gate the cart driver pulled up before the heavy medieval arch and a captain of the guard came forward to examine their papers.

The officer glanced only briefly at the driver's credentials, but he scanned Shuraki's stolen hu-chao so very intently that the Japanese grew taut with apprehension.

"You are the physician Wing Hoy?" the captain asked.

"Aye—aye!" Shuraki replied nervously.

"I cannot allow you to leave the city," the captain announced.

"Hoya! What means this?" Shuraki demanded, striving to keep

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The Australian Women's Weekly — June 23, 1945



WITH Tony Milano and Big John Ross beside him, Sully stood at attention before the commander's desk.

Ignoring the two big soldiers, the Colonel stared at the little man. "Sullivan," he said, "for your information, we came to California solely to assist in the training programme, not to get into brawls."

"But, Colonel," Sully began, "we were just—"

"Minding your own business," the Colonel interrupted. "I've been listening to that story for four years now, Sullivan. The fine edge is gone."

He leaned across the desk. "We're raising a great civilian army," he said. "It's the biggest job the regular establishment has ever undertaken. You three men are the best soldiers in this regiment. But you can't train one section of our citizens by day, and terrorise the balance of the population by night. I'm making you a sergeant again, Sullivan," he added, "and I'm promoting Ross and Milano. Think it over."

A lump in his throat, Sully looked at this man who'd been a father to them in the army. As if the Colonel didn't have enough worries, with a motherless daughter to care for, and a regiment of doughboys to keep in line!

"Go anywhere within reason," the Colonel went on. "Just remember that you're a soldier, and not the public avenger. I am counting on you to keep out of fist-fights and trouble."

The Old Man's right, Sully thought; and for people like him, you do it the hard way. "We will, sir," he said. "We're on pass to-night. We'll go to Nick's, for a nice, quiet evening."

The Old Man raised his brows. "Nick's Napoli? I'll be in town to-night. I may drop in and see how you're doing. I am depending on you to be quiet and orderly, and not clean out any more bars."

Thus it came about that in a burst of enthusiasm for the new way of life, Sully brought the boys to Nick's Napoli, where their status was that of preferred customers, in that Nick preferred that they'd go elsewhere.

"Some celebration," Tony grumbled. "You get your sergeantcy, and John and me are made corporals, but with morals clauses."

"We can still have fun," Sully insisted. "It might cramp our style some. But as representatives of the Regular Army, we will conduct ourselves with dignity, like the Old Man said."

Abruptly the music ended. Shuddering, Sullivan closed his eyes. He opened them to find the waiter beside him.

"Beer," he ordered. "Three."

The waiter turned to move away. As he straightened, a corner of his mouth lifted slightly. Nick says to tell you he's got extra men to-night, in case you and your bodyguard get any ideas."

Bowing acknowledgment of the compliment, Sully watched the crowd move off the dance floor. He saw Big John's head and shoulders high above the others, and he smiled warmly at the broad wake that indicated Tony's progress. Hoisting his feet up on the chair beside him, he sipped his beer. He rubbed his cheek—the scar that was supposed to remind him to keep his own nose out of other people's business. He grinned. Who knew that they'd renounced the old ways?

Again the floor filled with swaying couples. Tony threaded through the dancers and joined him at the table.

"We're doing all right," Sully announced. "Look at John."

Tony nodded. "But I wish I felt easier about John, Sully. If he was more like me, you know, more easy-going—"

Sully wiped the moisture from his brow. "Delicate restraint is a lovely quality," he sighed. "Here's John."

Big John Ross sprawled at the table. "It's a cinch, Sully," he beamed. "It don't cramp your style any, and you can have lots of fun."

"So I noticed," Sully said. "Sit tight. We have company."



"Nick said to tell you he has three extra men here to-night," the waiter whispered.

## The Rose-Colored Scarf

By PHIL MAGEE

Nick Napoliana stood watching them from unsmiling eyes — eyes that gleamed like buttons in the olive-hued face.

"Sit down, Nick," Sully invited. "Nice of you to drop over. Make room for Nick, boys."

The night-club proprietor remained standing. "I told you guys not to come here any more," he stated.

Sully fingered the scar on his cheek. "You did, Nick," he said. "And it hurt me. I thought of you, Nick, all alone, with no one to bring in the carriage trade. No one to lend a little tone to your joint. And I said: 'We can't let old Nick down; we'll come, anyway.'"

"Let's skip the clowning, Sullivan. Take your gorillas out of here right now, and I'll pick up your tab."

Smiling up at the night-club proprietor, Sully leaned back in his chair. "I don't get it, Nick," he grinned. "Give out."

Nick Napoliana swayed slightly forward. "This is my joint," he said. "And I run her to suit me, I got

landed in the chair. "Sully says we'll talk a bit," the big one explained.

Big John twisted in his seat, and saw for the first time the girl who had just been ushered to Nick's private table by Nick's private waiter. "The Old Man's kid," he roared. Again the left arm shot out, the fingers closing tightly on Nick's collar.

Nick gulped for breath.

"Let him talk," the little man ordered. "Talk fast, greaseball," he said.

Nick spoke calmly. "I know what you're thinking, Sullivan. But you're on the wrong foot."

Sully's eyes roamed slowly over the night-club. A minute ago it had been all right, even exciting; but now the air was thick and redolent of beer and the careless use of cheap perfume. He looked at the orchestra, and the couples who pranced to the thin rhythm.

Nice place for the Old Man's daughter. Nice place for them, too, after promising the Old Man they'd stay out of trouble. His finger moving up and down the scar pressed hard against the flesh as he remembered the Old Man's words: "I'll be in town to-night. I may drop in and see how you're doing."

The little man looked at Nick. "I'm waiting to hear what Colonel Henderleigh's daughter is doing in your deadfall," he said.

In studied nonchalance, Nick leaned an elbow on the table. "We're doing each other favors," he answered. "That's all, Sullivan."

"You don't seem to get the idea, Nick," Sully said. "Army girls aren't seen in dumps like this. I'll give you five minutes to put her in a taxi. Tony'll go with you, just so you'll have company on the way back."

"I thought you were supposed to be a smart guy, Sullivan?"

"I am," the little man said. "But only in a small way."

"I'm accommodating Miss Henderleigh," Nick put in angrily. "I met her at the Durango Club, and sup-

pose I did give myself a bit the best of it? She wanted to see a joint. Okay—none of her crowd come here, and nothing short of a riot'd bring in the cops."

"A riot could be arranged," Sully murmured.

"All right, smart boy," Nick scoffed. "Go ahead. Raise a stink. That'll give your Army girl's reputation a real boost." Rising, he signalled to his floorman.

The little man nodded, and Tony dropped a heavy hand on Nick's shoulder. "Sully'll tell you when to leave, Nick," he growled.

Nick smiled expansively. "I told you, Sullivan," he said. "We're doing each other favors."

He lowered his voice confidentially. "I'm coining dough in this trap, but what I really want is a class joint on the West Side, like the Durango or the Hunt Club. But you can't do it cold. You got to be seen places with the right people. This town's Army crazy, Sullivan. After they see me waltz Miss Henderleigh through a few of the best spots to-night, they'll break the door down when I open my new joint."

"The best spots?" Sully said. "You couldn't get in—" His finger pressed on the scar. So that was it! Sure, Nick could get in anywhere, with Miss Henderleigh. And from then on she'd be "that Army girl" who'd sponsored Nick Napoliana.

He knew Big John and Tony were watching him—watching for a signal to go into action. Which would be worse—sit tight and let the Old Man find her here? Or hope he didn't make it, and let Nick parade her through the West Side?

Big John broke the tension. Waving toward the group of musclemen clustered round Nick's chair, he asked: "What do your chorus boys do, Nick? Sing, dance, or juggle?"

Sully laughed, but the eyes he turned on Nick were shot with red. "Don't let us keep you," he said.

Nick pushed back from the table. "Okay, boys, back on the floor," he ordered.

The two big soldiers watched Nick's jaunty progress as he crossed the dance-floor. They turned to Sully.

"I don't get it, Sully," Big John

said. "Do we have to stand for this, just to keep our stripes?"

"Shut up, John," Tony said. "It ain't the stripes; it's the Old Man's kid."

"Oh," Big John nodded. "I get so mad, looking at Nick. I almost forget about her. What do we do now, Sully?"

A nice question, the little man thought. "Think it over," the Colonel had said. This was their last chance, all right. One more jam, and they'd be a trio of has-beens in the Army.

"Here," he said, "Go on over to that booth and wait for me. Maybe I'll think of something."

He waited until they disappeared behind the curtains; then skirting the dance-floor, he brushed hurriedly past Nick's table, trying not to look at the Old Man's daughter.

Her voice stopped him. "Why, Sergeant Sullivan," she called nervously, "what are you doing here?"

"Good evening, Miss Henderleigh," he said. "I'm in considerable demand for my nuisance value."

"Don't know what I'd do without you, Sullivan," Nick bantered. "I been telling Miss Henderleigh about the odd characters that come here."

The little man bowed slightly. "I really didn't expect to meet anyone," the girl faltered.

Sully smiled encouragement at the slender figure in the tea-rose dinner-dress. "Of course," he murmured. "Would you care to dance?"

Under Nick's threatening glower, they moved slowly to the music.

The girl's eyes were anxious. Her cheeks were pink above the tea-rose scarf that matched her dress. "I wouldn't want Dad to know I'd been here," she suggested. "He wouldn't like it."

A marvellous piece of understatement, Sully thought.

Guiding her deftly through the crowd, he smiled wistfully as he remembered where he'd seen that scarf before—and how embarrassed the Old Man had been, when they walked into the shop just as the saleswoman was demonstrating it round the Old Man's neck.

"What do you know about Nick Napoliana?" he asked.

"He's a restaurant man," she said. "I met him at their convention at the Durango Club. All the post mess officers were there. And when I found out he owned the Napoli, I just had to see it."

"I've known you since you were in high school," Sully said. "And frankly, I thought you had more sense. Nick's restaurant activities consist of two dirty tables in a beer joint on Fleet Street." Quickly he related the night-club proprietor's plans, together with the probable consequences.

Please turn to page 23





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# PASTORAL

Final instalment of this absorbing story, so much enjoyed by readers.

**S**TARING straight into the searchlight, Gervase could not see a thing beyond the middle of the aerodrome. She could see the two crash waggons at the intersection of the runways, one on each side of the main runway, facing each other, ready to spring to the crash the instant the machine came to rest.

Each truck was crowded with men hanging on to it, and some of these were ghostly in white cowled asbestos overalls. A hundred yards behind the near crash wagon was the ambulance, its medical crew by it, staring at the sky.

Suddenly everybody exclaimed, and everybody saw the aircraft. It was about thirty feet up over the runway end. Its under-carriage was retracted and no flaps were down; its tail was high, both engines going hard, and it was moving very fast. Gervase had time to note that one wing seemed little better than a stub beyond the engine, and time to see a spurt of white fumes from each engine.

For an instant she thought miserably that it was on fire. Beside her she heard Dobbie say quietly, "Good man. He's remembered his Gravities," and realised that the pilot had set off fire extinguishers.

Then, quite deliberately, the aircraft flew on to the ground. A great shower of sparks flew up behind it from the runway. It held its course for three or four seconds, its tail high above the wing, unnatural and terrifying. Then it fell over sideways, still travelling at an enormous speed. The stub of the port wing touched ground and the tail dropped low; the undamaged starboard wing rose up vertically till the whole plan of the aircraft was presented to them, the body high above the ground.

The port tail plane spun free up in the air behind, and the whole aircraft pirouetted round upon the broken wing, still travelling at an immense speed down the runway. It hung vertically on edge for an instant, the undamaged wing pointing to the sky.

Then it fell back with a great crash on to the runway, right side up, and slid tail first to rest two hundred yards beyond the crash waggons.

The Control-Officer turned to the Wing-Commander. "Right side up," he cried. "He should have got away with it."

Dobbie nodded. "I was afraid it was going on its back."

They stood for a moment, watching the crash waggons spurt up to the wreck, watching the men leap off and get to work. A cloud of smoke and dust masked what was going on, but there was no fire, Dobbie turned away.

"I'm going out there in my jeep," he said. "Get the lights out as soon as the ambulance is away."

In the control-office he passed the

Section-Officer. "You can go off duty now," he said. "There'll be no more in your line to-night." He hesitated. "You'll get the news you want up at the hospital," he said. "I should get up there."

Gervase wanted to say: "Thank you, sir," but the words would not come. She just looked at him dumbly and nodded, and he glanced at her, and went on out to his jeep, and jumped into it, and drove it straight out over the rough grass toward the wreck.

Gervase put on her coat and cap, told the Waaf sergeant to carry on, and went out of the office. At the road intersection with the runway she ran into a group of pilots still in flying suits; their eyes, used to the darkness, could recognise her, though she could not distinguish them. Pat Johnson said: "We're just hanging round till someone comes up to tell us what happened."

She moved toward him; he was someone friendly, that she knew well. "Winco told me to go up to the hospital. He said I'd find out there."

"Not a bad idea."

They turned, and walked together in the starlit night; as they went the ambulance spun past them smoothly and quietly; they could not see who was in it. It took them ten minutes to reach the hospital; as they got there, the ambulance was moving off again. At the door they found an orderly and asked him about it.

"Rear-gunner," he said. "Taking him straight into hospital at Oxford. The M.O. said not to take him off the stretcher here or anything—just take him right along to Oxford."

Johnson asked: "Did the pilot come up with the ambulance?"

"Aye, he's inside with the M.O. Got his face cut about a bit, but that's all."

It was odd, Gervase thought, that whenever good news came she wanted to be sick.

"Born to be hanged," said Mr. Johnson cheerfully.

"You can't dodge Fate."

They stood in the corridor outside the surgery for a time. Presently the door opened and the Medical Officer came out. "Hullo," he said. "Are you waiting for Marshall?"

"Just like to know what sort of a state he's in," said Johnson.

"He's all right. He wants to sleep in his own bed. If you like, you can take him over and put him to bed. I'll be along in about a quarter of an hour with some tablets for him. My truck's outside; you can take him in that."

They went into the surgery, and Gervase saw Marshall sitting in a chair grinning at her; he had white strapping and lint over the right side of his forehead and his eyebrow. She said shyly: "Hullo, Peter. How are you feeling?"

He said: "I'm fine, only I can't use my hands." His hands were lying on his knees, palm upwards; as they looked the finger-tips twitched very slightly. "Look, I'm trying to bend them. Isn't that funny?"

"That all you can do?" asked Mr. Johnson, interested.

"That's all."

"It's going to make a lot of difference to the beer situation in the mess," said Mr. Johnson thoughtfully. "The Medical Officer says we've got to take you and put you to bed."

Marshall looked up at Gervase. "That doesn't sound quite nice," he said, smiling.

"It's not," she said. "We'll kick Pat out as soon as he's helped you upstairs."

Their eyes met and they laughed. Gervase slept late next day. She had not got to bed till about half-



Marshall said very quietly, "It's the Air - Commodore" and scrambled to his feet.

past five, when it was full grey dawn. She had been hungry, not unnaturally, and had visited the kitchen of the mess at about five o'clock with Pat Johnson; they had discovered some lukewarm cocoa and three dozen plates of bread and butter cut ready for breakfast, and they had eaten themselves full.

She slept till noon, and only got up then because she was hungry again and would just be in time to have some lunch.

She got into the ante-room just before the medical officer, a Flight-Lieutenant called Proctor. Davy asked the question before she could. "How's our nightingale?"

"Asleep. He won't wake up just yet. Don't any of you go and wake him. I want him to have a good long sleep."

Pat Johnson said: "What's wrong with his hands?"

"Nothing functional. Last night it was just nervous reaction. He'll probably be all right when he wakes up."

Lines said: "That's what you told us about Tommy Broadhead. It

took him four months."

"That's right," the surgeon said easily. "I have to shoot a line to keep up your morale."

There were matters that were tactfully avoided in the mess, and nervous trouble was one of them. Gervase changed the subject by asking, "How is Sergeant Phillips?"

"I rang up this morning, but it's too early to say much. They think they'll save his legs."

"Marshall will want to know about that as soon as he wakes," said Gervase.

"Yes—of course. I'll ring up again about tea-time."

They went in to lunch. Gervase sat long in the ante-room afterwards, drowsily looking at a magazine. She roused at about half-past three and went out, thinking to walk round the aerodrome. But in the hall she met the medical officer coming down from the bedrooms, and she stopped to speak to him.

"Is Flight-Lieutenant Marshall awake yet?"

He shook his head. "He's sleeping more lightly." He looked at her thoughtfully, thinking of the fish that this section-officer had brought home with his patient only a few days before. "You're a great friend of his, aren't you?"

There was nobody else within hearing; it was the middle of the afternoon, and the mess was deserted. She said, "Yes."

"Are you going to marry him, or anything like that?"

"He asked me to some time ago," she said. "She knew this to be a purely medical inquiry. 'I think we'll be announcing it pretty soon.'"

He nodded. "I thought so. Would you like to take him a cup of tea in an hour's time, and wake him up?"

"All right."

"I think that might be a good thing." He hesitated, and then said: "If he has any difficulty with his hands, do what you can to make him use them. But don't let him get worried or panicky about it if they aren't quite right at first. He may have to have some leave."

She met his eyes. "He couldn't use them at all last night. We had to do everything for him."

"I know. See if you can get him to use them. I always think it's a great pity to have to start electrical treatment, or massage, or anything in the last resort. I've known that start a hospital psychosis before now. Just see if you can make him use them naturally."

"All right. Ought he to get up?"

"Give me a ring if he wants to, and I'll slip over from the surgery and see him. Otherwise he's just as well in bed."

She went out for a little walk along the ring runway; out in the middle of the aerodrome there were still trucks and cranes disposing of the scrap duralumin that had been R for Robert, and towing it to the knackers' yard right over on the far side by the hedge. She turned back to the mess, took two cups of tea from the dining-room, and

slipped away with them upstairs to the bedroom floor, where no W.A.A.F. officer would dream of going normally if she valued her commission.

She opened the door carefully. Marshall was awake in bed; he turned his head as she came in. "I say," he said. "There'll be a row if anyone catches you here, Gervase."

She said, "I brought you up a cup of tea, Peter."

"Thanks awfully. Put it down, and come and give me a kiss, and then nip out quietly. I'm going to get up. I'll see you downstairs."

He looked very like a little boy, she felt, lying there in bed and worrying about her. She put the cups down carefully upon the chest of drawers. "It's all right," she said. "This wasn't my idea. The M.O. said I was to bring you up a cup of tea and wake you up."

"Did he? Decent of him."

She sat down on the edge of his bed. "How are you feeling, Peter? How's your head?"

He struggled up into a sitting attitude. "My head's all right. But I can't do anything with my hands." He sounded worried and incredulous. "Look—they just won't work."

The finger-tips flexed very slightly. She took one of his hands in her own and stroked it. "Feel that?"

"Sort of. It feels all kind of numb inside."

Please turn to page 17

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# Love laughed at prison guards in Germany

## Australian and American girl met secretly for three years

Radioed by KING WATSON from Paris

They'll be telling fabulous tales for years about the adventures of Australians in prisoner-of-war camps, but I think one of the favorites will be the story of Sgt. Norman Shute's three years' romance with an American girl in Ober Silesia.

Norman, who comes from Marrickville, N.S.W., met Hilda in June, 1942. After three years, which began with the comradeship of a common language, developed into love, and ended with a two hundred and fifty mile trek together across Silesia, Czechoslovakia, and Germany to Regensburg, they have been separated.

**HILDA** is waiting at Regensburg for the American authorities to repatriate her to America, and Norman is at Eastbourne camp in England after having been flown to Rhelms and then to England.

He hopes to be able to persuade the authorities to allow him to go home via America, so that he can go to Hilda's home town, Union City, New Jersey, and ask her parents can he marry her.

Till then he wants his girl not to be identified by anything more than her christian name.

Norman, who was an apprentice lithographer when he joined the A.I.F., fought through the first desert campaign, then went to Greece and Crete, where he was taken prisoner.

Ultimately — after having taken part in a "strike" with twenty-eight other Australians—he was put to work in a sawmill at Mahr Trubau, about a hundred miles east of Prague.

"This was in March, 1942," he said. "In June Hilda came to the sawmill."

"She was an American girl whose parents had left Germany before she was born and started in a bakery business in the United States."

"Hilda saw Germany for the first time in 1939 when she visited her grandmother in Trubendorf, about six miles from Mahr Trubau. "She was still there when war broke out. Her grandmother had a little place, where she grew a bit of wheat, a bit of corn, and a few potatoes. She was sick and Hilda began working the place as well as nursing her grandmother."

"She even did the ploughing. With the help of a woman servant she carried on in this way to the end of 1941, when the Government decided she was not getting enough out of the farm, and made her rent it out. (Her grandmother had since died.)"

"She was given a job as a kind of pay-clerk—timekeeper at the sawmill."

"When America came into the war the Germans didn't intern her because she was classed as a 'producer' because of the farm she had rented out."

"She recognized the Australian hats when she was sent to the sawmill to work, and spoke English to us."

"We hadn't seen a woman in a long time, let alone an English-speaking one."

"The boys were all keen about her, but somehow she seemed to like me best, although she was always good to all of us. (Norman is a sandy kind of redhead with steady blue eyes and a deprecating manner which doesn't hide a lot of determination.)"

"At first I used to see her only a couple of times a week when she came with the pay."

"When it started getting dark earlier I used to remain behind for a quarter or half an hour when the others went to camp, and talk with Hilda. She used to take the time-sheets showing me working late."

"In 1944 I started going out with the horses to bring in timber from the hills. I had to work long hours, and this gave me a chance to see more of Hilda."

"We sometimes managed to go for a walk in the woods for an hour, and she would fake the time-sheet for me."

"Sometimes, when we had less time, we used to meet in an old shed behind the mill, and she would try to teach me German."

"When winter came again we used to go skating at night with skates Hilda borrowed."

"We often talked about getting away from the camp. At first I thought I'd try to make it alone somehow and get money back to her. But things drifted on to the middle of April, about the time the Russians were starting their big push."

"I thought it would be a good time to make a break and suggested we get another bike—Hilda already had her own."

"On the Saturday before peace was signed we completed our arrangements. I was to meet her on Monday morning and we were 'going through.' A New Zealander was to go with us."

"But when the time came we weren't allowed out to work. We faked up an excuse to meet Hilda at the appointed time."

"When one of the guards came to look for us I crawled down a fine of the sawmill. I heard the guard catch the New Zealander, but I sat there covered with soot for hours."

"I picked up Hilda in town. She



SGT. NORMAN SHUTE, who hopes to marry Hilda, American girl whom he met while he was a prisoner.

went back to the sawmill and told the foreman I had promised her my camera, which was in the shed where the foreman's bike was locked up."

"He gave her the key to the shed. She stole the bike, and we were on our way."

"We slept the first night in the open. In each town Czech partisan chiefs told us where to go to avoid the fighting, and in this way we were handed on from town to town till we came to Chrast."

"The Russians were expected in the town that afternoon."

"The townspeople were all lined up in the town square to meet the Russians, but they insisted on treating us as the first Allied Liberators to enter the town."

"We were taken down the long lines of cheering people to the platform, where a bouquet was given to Hilda, there were 'V' salutes and hand-shakes all round, then I stood at the salute in my Australian hat while the National Anthem was played."

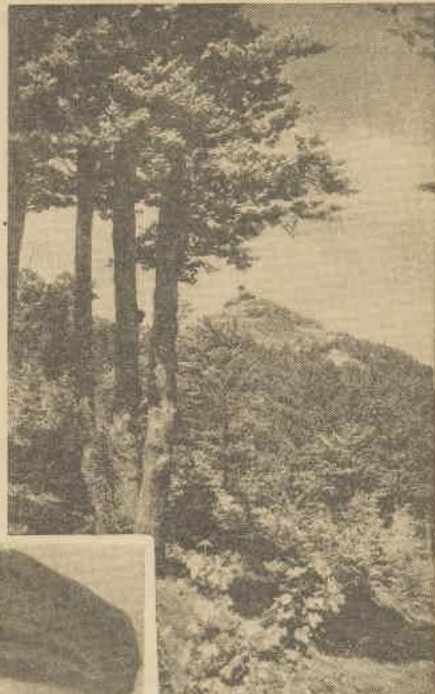
"The Russians arrived twenty minutes later. We were introduced



NORMAN'S SISTER Betty is also a sergeant—in the W.A.A.F.

to the commanding officer, who kissed Hilda's hand. Salutes were being thrown on all sides, and we went all through the National Anthem again."

"Now I have to find some way



TIMBERED MOUNTAINS of Czechoslovakia. In country like this Hilda and Norman met secretly in brief times they could be together.

to get to the United States to see Hilda again and her parents."

All Norman's friends are barracking for him.

"It simply has to end up right after all that," Sgt. Doug Dollman told me.

Doug is one of the band of older soldiers who "mothered" Norman through the Middle East campaigns, lost touch with him when they were taken prisoner, and has now linked-up with him again.

## Pianist played through England's blitz

Australian musical friends of Noel Mewton-Wood will not find it difficult to recognise in the tall, good-looking young man of 22 the same shy 14-year-old youngster they sent with their blessings and support for studies abroad in 1937.

**I**N looks and boyish manners, Noel could really be his handsome mother's schoolboy son home on vacation rather than a top-ranking artist who has won phenomenal success as pianist and composer.

Within the past five years, this fine young Australian musician has become one of England's most popular pianists.

Since his debut at the Queen's



NOEL MEWTON-WOOD

Hall in 1939, when Sir Thomas Beecham retired behind the rostrum to let the 17-year-old soloist take a tremendous ovation, Noel has performed under many great conductors, winning their high admiration and respect.

His extreme youthfulness has often caused amusing incidents.

On the day before his debut as soloist with Sir Thomas Beecham at Queen's Hall, the 17-year-old went to a barber to have his hair cut.

"Just down from school, sonny?" the barber inquired.

At Brangwyn Hall, several spectators, after speaking to a "nice young laddie," were somewhat startled when the same "laddie" was called on to the platform by conductor Basil Cameron for a rehearsal of the Schumann Concerto.

During the concert next night an enraged attendant found a bicycle left parked in the hall, and rushed round trying to find the culprit.

He was disconcerted to discover that the owner was none other than the star of the evening.

Although the war interrupted the career of many fine young musicians, Noel fortunately has forged ahead from success to success. He registered with the Labor Ministry, but was left to his music.

In addition to his concert-hall engagements, he has worked for the B.B.C. on "musical propaganda" jobs, some of which included ex-

ploring native and individual tunes of the Empire and putting them into appropriate settings.

Lack of good pianos at provincial concert halls and camps was, however, the bane of Noel's life.

"All of us pianists practically cried when, early in the blitz, one of Jerry's bombs landed smack on Steinway's warehouse, scattering 200 new pianos to the winds," Noel said.

"Even at big concerts, it was nothing unusual for Dr. Malcolm Sargent and myself to find ourselves, five minutes before the curtain, grovelling round on our hands and knees trying to fix broken pedals."

According to his mother, Noel gave his first concert at the age of three.

"I came into the music-room one day to find the three-year-old hanging away on the piano. During the bangs he proudly informed me he was playing 'concerts.'"

"His audience, a four-year-old girl from next door, wasn't terribly appreciative; she was fast asleep on the divan."

Mrs. Mewton-Wood, a sister of the late Frank Mewton, well-known Australian organist, gave her son his first piano lessons at five.

In 1937, musical admirers raised funds to send the 14-year-old pianist abroad to study under two grand old masters, Harold Craxton, of the Royal Academy of Music, in London, and Artur Schnabel, in Italy.

The 14-year-old already had a repertoire of 200 compositions to his credit, and had memorised Bach's great Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue in ten days.

Back in London after several months' study at Lake Como with the great Schnabel, the lad sought

### Well-timed bomb

"BLITZES and rocket-bombs never worried English concert-goers," Noel said. "In fact, one day a V-2 bomb landed close by our concert hall and the noise appropriately concluded a crescendo."

"Really, it was so remarkably well-timed and fitted in so well that the audience roared laughing and clapped with approval."

and eventually won an audition with Sir Thomas Beecham.

The audition lasted three and a half hours, at the end of which Noel played a "modern composition" for the famous conductor.

Asked who the composer was, Noel said: "An Australian, sir, who isn't very well known."

It wasn't till some time later that Beecham discovered Noel was the unknown composer.

Since then Noel has had several notable compositions published and recorded.

Well-known Zorian String Quartet played his String Trio at Wigmore Hall in 1943.

His ballet and an opera, "Alice in Wonderland," written at the age of 16, he deprecatingly describes as "pretty terrible."

Noel wrote the background music for a Two Cities Film, "Tawny Tipit," and has been contracted for another film.

Noel is equally at home with old and modern composers. His favorites among the "old boys" are Schubert and Schumann.



# Editorial

JUNE 23, 1945

## DAME ENID SUCCEEDS

AN important principle was recognised in Canberra when Caucus agreed to accept a suggestion by Dame Enid Lyons concerning the Re-establishment and Employment Bill.

Dame Enid, only woman member of the House of Representatives, asked that a clause be amended to provide equal sustenance allowances for men and women awaiting re-employment after demobilisation.

As it stands, the clause provides for the payment of two pounds ten shillings weekly sustenance for men and two pounds a week for women.

Dame Enid, who pointed out the absurdity of any idea that a woman can live more cheaply than a man, says the recognition of this principle is a big advance.

It is that, and her successful intervention in the matter proves again how necessary it is for women to play a greater part in the framing of legislation.

In many matters that concern women, the viewpoint of the average man is much what his father's was.

For a century or so now, women have been cheap labor, and it is customary for men to assume that any allowances made to them need not be as generous as those for men.

The fact that a fight is necessary to prevent unfair sex discrimination in our post-war planning seems an anachronism.

There should always be a vigorous, well-informed woman strategically placed to break down these assumptions and correct the illusions behind them as Dame Enid has done in the present case.

## Here's a job for an inventor

THE Army Inventions Directorate wants someone to invent a machine to clear out the channels in the irrigation areas of Victoria, N.S.W., and South Australia.

A Directorate spokesman said the need was urgent, because the present methods of cleaning by manual labor—shovels and mattocks—or by horse-drawn scoops were slow and expensive.

In the Mallee area in Victoria there are between 3000 and 6000 miles of channels for domestic and stock use. Length of channels in N.S.W. and South Australia is greater.

The Directorate, which has offices in all the capital cities, can supply all details of the type of machine wanted.

## Beethoven sonatas were bombed

MUSIC students who are finding it difficult to obtain copies of classical works are up against shipping and paper shortages.

Paper restrictions in England are so great that music publishers use available supplies for printing certain separate works that need only a few sheets instead of the hundred-odd necessary for a volume of works by one composer.

Such compositions as Beethoven's sonatas are printed separately, so most music shops can supply a good number of the 32.

Apparently the works of Bach have not been reprinted recently, because there is a dearth of nearly all Bach compositions.

Shortage of music could not be relieved by America, as Australian firms may import only American publications when they have a licence from the Division of Import Procurement.

Despite these difficulties there has been a wide range of educational music in shops through the war.

This is due to the untiring efforts of English firms in getting shipments to Australia.

Adelaide music stores report that their present stock of Beethoven sonatas took 18 months instead of three to reach there.

First shipment was bombed on the English docks. It was replaced, and the ship was sunk. The next replacement reached here.

One London firm was bombed three times and once lost its entire paper stocks.

## Some knitting cotton coupon free

UNTIL August 31 knitting cotton packed in skeins and reels of under one ounce will be coupon free.

"The concession for the three months from June to August is a special 'white elephant' concession to manufacturers and retail stores which have large stocks on hand," said a Rationing Commission official.

Before last April this cotton was all coupon free. As it makes attractive jumpers, gloves, beanies, and snoods, it was popular with women knitters.

However, its popularity waned when, in April, it was rated at half a coupon per ounce.

Since the issue of the new ration books its rate is one coupon for three ounces if packed in ounce or more skeins. After August 31 this rate will apply to the cotton however packed.

## THE BRIGHTER FUTURE

SELF-SERVICE washing machines are being installed in apartment houses and stores in New York for the convenience of tenants and customers, says a message from our New York office.

The housewife deposits a 25 cent piece in an electric "launderette" and throws in the soiled clothes.

Half an hour later she has ten pounds of fresh laundry ready for ironing.

## Discussion groups get results

HOUSING, employment, population, social security, and the place of women in post-war industry are the most eagerly debated subjects in the discussion groups formed by the Ministry of Post-War Reconstruction.

The groups were formed a year ago. As a result, members have taken up varied community activities. Examples:

• A play centre was established in East Malvern, Victoria.

• Women are working for a children's library in Hurstville, N.S.W.

• Citizens' Committees have been formed in Victoria, South Australia, and N.S.W.

• Classes on leadership will be conducted in Sydney in July by Mr. A. I. Davern, Acting Assistant Director of Tutorial Classes at Sydney University.

## Wartime story of the sausage

FOR those Australians who prefer the larger type of beef or pork sausage, the news that they will be on sale for the next few months should be welcome.

Under Lend-Lease a shipment of 300,000 bundles of hog casings for the skins has arrived in Australia from America, the first since the war began.

Hog casings are the intestines of the pig.

The wartime story of the sausage skin was told to us by a smallgoods manufacturer.

He said:

"Before the war, Australia imported hog casings from America, because Australians, like the English, have always preferred the large sausage."

"It is only possible to make large skins from hog casings."

"Americans prefer the long, thin sausage, and the skin for these can be made only from sheep casings, which we in turn exported to America."

"During the war this exchange ceased, so sheep casings had to be used in Australia."

"As hog casing production in Australia was only 10 per cent, of the quantity formerly imported, large sausages were scarce."

Main objection of cooks to the long, thin sausage is that they fall between the griller wires.

## YOUR COUPONS

• Coupons now available are:  
TEA: 1 to 4 available until August 31. (5 to 8 will become available on July 31.)  
SUGAR: 1 and 2 (cumulative).  
BUTTER: 1 to 3 (all July 31).  
MEAT: 1 to 2 available till July 1.  
CLOTHING: B57-112 (old card), V1-56 (new issue).

## Post-war glamor for glass cups

GLASS cups and saucers, which have filled a useful though unglamorous wartime role, will be improved after the war, or earlier if defence needs permit.

They will be made in heat-resistant glass which will enable them to take boiling fluid without danger of cracking.

They will also be treated in color and decorated.

## More zippers now on market

MANY ready-made garments now have zip fasteners again.

Until recently the demand for them for use on chart cases, gunnery covers, flying suits, and other Service clothes was so heavy that there were none left for civilians.

Nearly all Australian zip fasteners are made by Imperial Chemical Industries, in Melbourne.

Foreman of the section which makes them, Mr. Ern Wood, collects them, and has 30 varieties.

They include a rubber fastener, some made from gaily colored plastics, and an American one, about 40 years old, with teeth a quarter of an inch long. It was called a "rip fastener."

## Interesting People

MR. ERIC MUSPRATT  
... book on R.A.N.

WAR correspondent and well-known Australian author Mr. Eric Muspratt is writing a book on life in the Royal Australian Navy. "A fascinating job," says Mr. Muspratt, who is calling the book "Spin a Dit, Tales of R.A.N."

—spin a dit being Navy slang for spinning a tale. Elizabethan English. To enable him to write it Commonwealth Literary Fund granted Mr. Muspratt year's Fellowship, and the Navy is assisting by taking him to sea in every type of ship to gather at first hand stories of sailors, their interests, and topics of conversation. A number of Mr. Muspratt's books of travel and autobiography have been translated into several languages.

Probable origin. To enable him to write it Commonwealth Literary Fund granted Mr. Muspratt year's Fellowship, and the Navy is assisting by taking him to sea in every type of ship to gather at first hand stories of sailors, their interests, and topics of conversation. A number of Mr. Muspratt's books of travel and autobiography have been translated into several languages.

MRS. VALERIE JONES  
... agar from seaweed

AUSTRALIA'S only seaweed expert, Mrs. Valerie Jones, of Sydney, is aiding production in Australia of agar, jelly-like substance obtained from certain seaweeds, vital in meat canning, medical and bacteriological work.

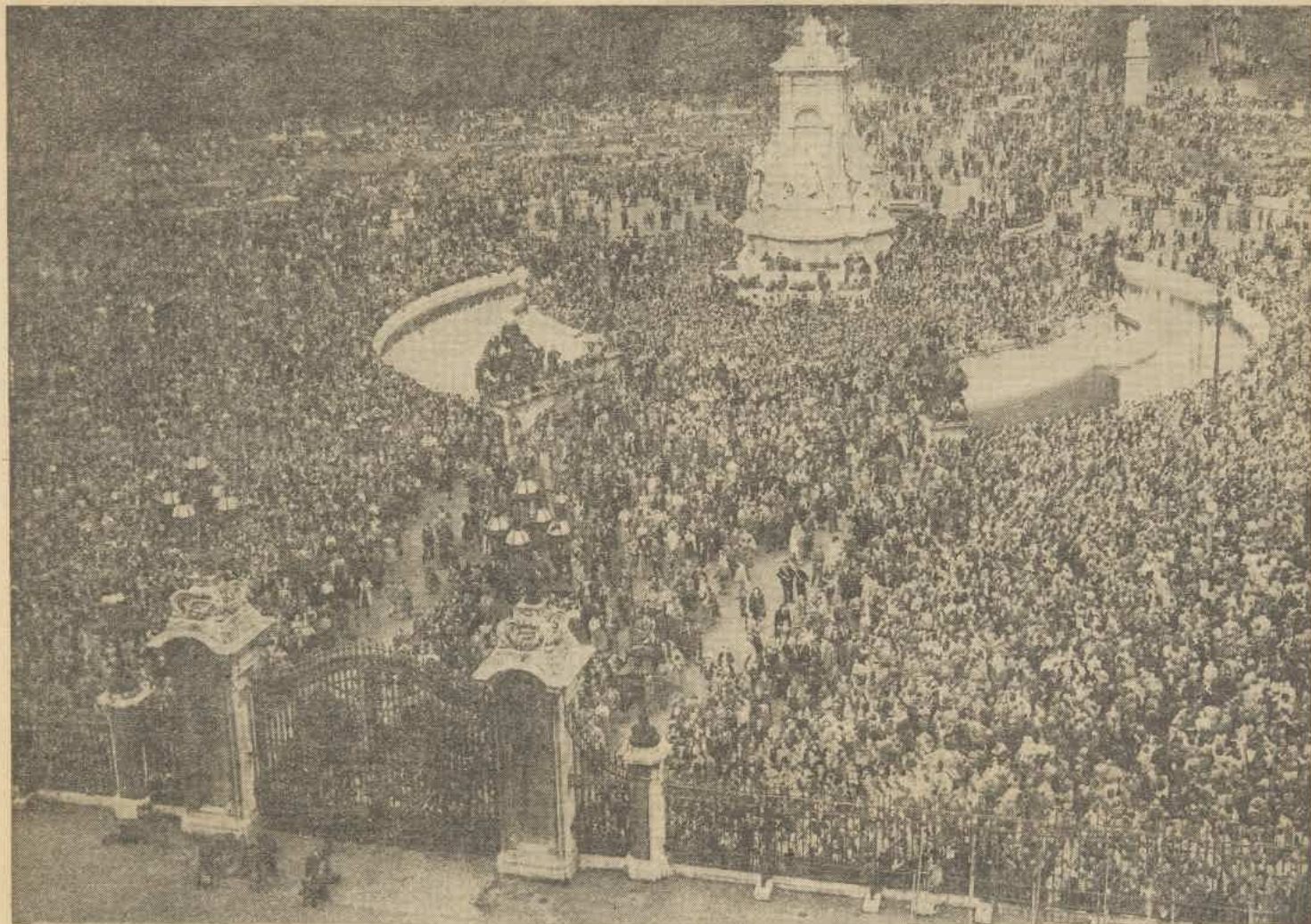
When war with Japan cut off supplies, Mrs. Jones, who was doing research work at Sydney University, of which she is Master of Science, was called to aid of Council of Scientific and Industrial Research, and appointed Commonwealth Algalogist. Attached to C.S.I.R. Fisheries Laboratory, N.S.W., her main task is to identify seaweeds containing agar from specimens trawled round the coast for the laboratory. Has also assisted in discovery of new beds of gracilaria, the agar weed.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.



# HISTORIC PICTURES—London on victory day



**HUGE HAPPY CROWD** outside Buckingham Palace to see the Royal Family on the balcony and listen to Mr. Churchill's broadcast speech announcing victory in Europe.



**VE-NIGHT VIEW** of St. Paul's Cathedral, with searchlights shining over the ravaged but unconquerable city, seen from the East End, where revelry went on all night.



**VANTAGE POINT** on one of the figures of the Victoria Memorial for a few of thousands celebrating VE-Day outside the Palace.





*"Mother took a lot of persuasion, but **SHE HAS NEVER REGRETTED LETTING ME JOIN"***

*"SHE says I look fitter and better. And I do.*

*"She knows I am working with the finest girls in the whole of Australia; and doing the proudest war job any woman can do.*

*"Mother admits, now, that her hesitation was quite unwarranted. She has met girls from my unit, seen our quarters, knows the way we live and work.*

*"And I tell you — it's a marvellous life! You've no idea how thrilled you'll feel to be really IN the Army, to know that at last you're really helping to win victory instead of merely wishing for it.*

*"Why don't you join us? Talk to your mother about it! You can get all the details by going along to the nearest Women's Army Recruiting Depot or Area Office. You have to be 18 or over, of course . . . but you do not need to have had any special training. Do come! We need reinforcements urgently."*

*You will receive specialist training; regular leave; excellent living conditions, pay and allowances; travel concessions; free medical and dental treatment; the full rehabilitation privileges of a soldier; smart uniforms and good clothing; subsistence allowance, in addition to pay if living at home.*

*Join the*  
**A.W.A.S.**

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S ARMY SERVICE

**A.A.M.W.S.**

AUSTRALIAN ARMY MEDICAL WOMEN'S SERVICE

★ Apply for details to the nearest Army Women's Recruiting Depot or your local Area Office. You'll like the life — and you'll be serving shoulder to shoulder with Australia's finest girls.



# How British tars get home mail in mid-Pacific

Letters from England—delivered in just over three weeks

By BETTY NESBIT

It's mail day somewhere in the Pacific.

The "postman" is a sleek, grey destroyer, who has come to a secret mid-ocean rendezvous with fighting ships of the British Pacific Fleet.

Stamped in black letters across the weather-stained canvas bags which are counted eagerly as they swing across the water from one ship to another are the three words, "British Fleet Mail," which represent one of the most complex organisations of the Royal Navy.



WEIGHING MAILBAGS at Sydney F.M.O. At left: A/B. William Turnbull (Carlisle) and P.O. F. Rudd (London). In peacetime Rudd worked in London G.P.O.



R.N. RATINGS load mail into fast mail planes bound for advanced Pacific bases. This is second stage of journey for mail from England, which is flown to Australia in Liberators.



MAIL ARRIVES AT ITS DESTINATION and is sent across from destroyer to warship at mid-ocean rendezvous. Officers and men eagerly count mailbags as they come aboard.

WITH the Fleet now stretching out into the vast Pacific, hundreds of miles from even the most advanced bases, the delivery of mails is made at sea.

The destroyer's official task is to escort a wide-bowed tanker which has sailed from an advanced base to meet up with the warships and refuel them.

To the men of the warships its importance lies solely in the fact that she brings their mail—news from home.

A sailor, red-haired A/B. William Turnbull, of Carlisle, England, who was serving in the aircraft-carrier H.M.S. Victorious, said in a recent letter that as the tanker showed up the flight-deck would be alive with watching men.

"The bags usually come over the stern," he said, "and you can hardly move round for the crowd."

"Everyone just looks hopefully at those bags. You'd think we could see right through them the way we stare and stare."

"It is usually about a half an hour before the lads finally get their mail, and everyone is very quiet then."

"It seems a bit strange sometimes to be reading a letter from home right out there in the ocean. It all seems so far away."

A British sailor wrote to his Australian sweetheart:

"Darling, I wish you could see us lining the rails, looking hungrily at those bags of mail as they swing across the water to board our ship way out in the Pacific."

"If you listen for the postman's whistle, believe me, it's nothing to our excitement when we see the destroyer showing up on the horizon," he says.

Sometimes the ships meet in a flat calm and the mail goes aboard without much fuss or bother, but on other



AUSTRALIAN Lieut. B. J. Matthews, R.A.N. (Melbourne), is studying British Fleet mail organisation. Wren on duty is Barbara Giles (London).

occasions the seas are high and the manoeuvring of the two ships into position alongside one another calls for skilled seamanship.

The efficiency of the Fleet mail means that letters posted in London, Liverpool, Leeds, or any part of England reach the ships at sea in a little over three weeks.

Twenty-five days is the average, but some have reached their destination in as little as 17 days.

Speed depends on plane connections. All letters come from England three times a week in Liberators.

In Sydney they are transferred to other mail planes, Dakotas, operating under the R.N. Operational Control, and are flown north to bases, whence the mail will set out on its third stage in the holds of escort destroyers.

When the ships meet they are made fast by a line which is shot across from one ship to the other. The mailbags are sent across in a canvas container, rather like a breeches buoy.

There have been gloomy moments when the line has broken and long-awaited mail has gone into the sea.

The job of organising the Australian end of the British Fleet

mail was given to Commander C. A. Jenkins, who, when he isn't at sea (which isn't often), lives in Gloucestershire.

After 25 years in the Navy this is his first desk job. He has spent most of this war in action on board the aircraft-carrier H.M.S. Furious, in which he was navigating officer.

He arrived in Australia last December to get the Fleet mail into running order.

"Just in time to cope with the Christmas rush," he said ruefully.

Commander Jenkins' main idea, in fact it's almost an obsession, is to get as much mail as possible in every north-bound plane leaving Sydney.

The fact that "bodies" (Service term for people) have priority over mails is a fact which the Commander would like to ignore. Bodies take up space that, as Chief Mail Officer, he thinks would be better occupied with mail.

"Not that anyone likes travelling in mail planes," he said. "It's dashed uncomfortable."

"The current R.N. joke is that you travel first-class when you are lucky enough to sit on the bags containing letters. Third-class is the bags with the parcels."



AT FLEET MAIL OFFICE in Sydney Lieut.-Commander H. A. Oliver (London) checks outgoing mail with Second-Officer Mollie Wicks (Suffolk).

The Commander said that the parcel post to Australia makes every day look like Christmas.

"We never thought that the folk in England on such short rations would send so much to their lads out here," he said.

They send all kinds of food-stuffs, extra gear, and newspapers and magazines by the ton. Merchant ships are bringing out as much as 1000 bags each ship from England.

There are Fleet Mail Offices in Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane. The office in Brisbane is staffed entirely by Wrens under the command of two officers, Second-Officer Doris Harrod and Third-Officer Patricia Saunders.

A former warehouse in York Street houses the Sydney F.M.O.

Here members of the W.R.N.S. and ratings handle the incoming and outgoing mail. Most of the girls joined the W.R.N.S. as fleet mail clerks, and to fit them for this job they had a month's training at the London G.P.O.

Pretty Wren Barbara Giles, of London, is one of the newest arrivals at the Sydney F.M.O. She was formerly stationed at the Isle of Wight.

She likes mail work because she regards it as a job of which the men are most appreciative.

"Once a mine-sweeper arrived at the Isle of Wight at 2 a.m.," she said. "The crew, apologising profusely, woke the F.M.O. staff to see if there was any mail. We left the barracks and went to the office, and sorted their letters."

"They were terribly pleased, and all wrote thanking us for not grumbling at them."

Two P.O.s, Frederick Rudd, of London, and A. Curwin, of Lancaster, now at the Sydney F.M.O., were stationed at Portsmouth during the invasion.

They used to take mail across in

## R.A.N. learns from R.N.

AN Australian officer, Lieut. Brian Matthews, of Melbourne, has recently been chosen to study the mail organisation of the British Fleet Mail, with a view to introducing a more speedy mail-service for the R.A.N.

He will eventually establish an R.A.N. mail depot in Morotai.

Australian sailors in ships covering wide areas in the Pacific have had plenty of complaints to make about their mail deliveries, particularly the parcel mail, which has sometimes taken months to reach a ship.

A sad but amusing story of a much-delayed consignment of parcel mail is told by an officer in H.M.A.S. Warrumunga:

"When we came into an advanced base we were told that a ship carrying mail would shortly be arriving from Australia."

"We all waited impatiently."

"The ship arrived, and so did the mail, but it was somewhat flattened. It had been stored in the holds underneath a cargo of tin shells."

"Tins of cakes came out by the yard, and it was rather sad to see the boys hacking away at a flat tin in the hope of salvaging a bit of their mother's best cooking," he said.

fast torpedo ships to depot ships off the French coast every morning.

"We used to bring back the mail from the Continent to Portsmouth, where it was loaded into a big truck called the Grey Flash, because it used to do the trip to London so quickly," said P.O. Rudd.

"The Wren who drove it every second day is also out in Australia, stationed in Melbourne. She is Petty-Officer Sally Chalcraft."

Ex-London G.P.O. man, Lieut.-Commander H. A. Oliver, in charge of the Sydney F.M.O., said that most of the parcels were fairly well packed.

"The old trick of putting a bottle in a loaf of bread is all right when the rats don't smell the bread and gnaw their way through to it," he said.

"Canadians," he added, "are always sending parcels of nuts, particularly peanuts. I'm afraid that the lads don't always get them. I think rats prefer nuts to anything."



# Children's VE-Day Din

## Airmen tell how London celebrated peace

Children in London on VE-Day beat on tin cans and bass drums; clashed pieces of steel together and blew bugles.

They made all the noises that had been taboo for nearly six years.

Australian airmen in their letters home describe these joyous scenes; and tell that Englishmen feel the Japanese war is very much their affair.

"I FELT very proud of the British people on VE-Day," writes Sgt. C. W. Dan-swain, R.A.A.F., England, to his brother and sister-in-law, at 32 Flinders St., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.:

"Entering a local pub for a drink I overheard a couple of Englishmen discussing the Victory. One said to the other, 'Now that the European situation is settled we can concentrate all our efforts on the Japanese.'"

"I felt very proud of the chap. He was a hard-working Englishman,

and he had the foresight to see that the South-west Pacific war was just as much his as ours. Last night from Liverpool Street Station to Gidea Park, there were bonfires with all the local children running round them.

"Flags of all descriptions fluttered, and shrieks of laughter rent the air.

"Many a private home had the Victory V in the form of lighted electric lamps in all colors shining forth from outside the front window. Others had strong, white elec-



NEW BRITAIN is the present scene of action for these soldiers. Standing, l. to r.: Sgt. R. Hill, J. McNamara, H. Wilson, and A. Keast. Sitting: Cpl. K. Lawler, Sgt. J. Heron, and Pte. J. Hunt.

tric lights temporarily fixed about the front door.

"I unsuccessfully attempted to go to sleep at 12.30 because the children, who had spent years in the throes of war, were letting themselves go properly.

"They were making the noises that for nearly six years were taboo. Tin cans were beaten, pieces of steel clashed together, bass drums were bashed, and bugles unceremoniously blown. It was a delight to hear

FLYING HEAVY BOMBERS against the Japanese in the North are members of this Australian crew. Standing, left to right: P.O. R. A. Alderton, Campsie, N.S.W.; F/O. C. E. Thomas, Ultimo, N.S.W.; F/Lt. L. Brownley, Sutherland, N.S.W.; F/Sgt. M. Jones, Woodville, S.A.; F/Sgt. H. McKee, Ellersley, Vic.; and Sgt. L. Wentworth, Moreland, Vic. Sitting, left to right: F/O. E. J. Burns, Broken Hill, N.S.W.; S/Ldr. K. G. Bowman, Warrandy, Cranbourne, N.S.W.; P.O. R. Speed, Orange, N.S.W.; F/O. A. W. McKee, D.F.M., Warrnambool, Vic.

their high-pitched shrieks of laughter and joy.

"A.T.S. girls, manning the ack-ack searchlight posts, played hundreds of searchlights on the city, banishing the dusk and making a fairyland scene. The sight of the soft lights of the searchlights playing on the lowering white and black clouds was a beauty never to be forgotten."

S/Ldr. David Switzer, R.A.A.F., England, to his sister, Miss Betty Switzer, 1 O'Farrell St., Yarraville, Vic.:

"WE saw a big bonfire on a vacant allotment where houses used to stand before the flying-bombs removed them last year.

"It was probably the first bonfire that many of the children had ever seen, apart from their homes being burnt down, if you can call that bonfires.

"Throughout all the rejoicing was a sobriety that while the war in Europe was over there was still the war against Japan to be won.

"On Sunday I was the only Australian usher at the St. Paul's Cathedral service, where all the Royal Family attended. I was within three feet of the whole family."

Sgt. Pountney, on Tarakan, to his wife, Mrs. B. B. Pountney, 2 Kingsley Pde., Ormond, Vic.:

"NIPPO did not let up for the first four days and nights and we were absolutely knocked out for want of sleep.

"Since then things have quietened down and now we're almost normal again, but of course pickets every night.

"You'd laugh at the souvenirs. Included in the odds and ends we have a monkey. Had ducks for a time, but we cooked them, and were they tough?

"We bathed our monk to-day and he scratched and bit and howled for a time, then decided to drink his bath water. We dried him and powdered him and now he is quite clean, but rather ashamed of his sweet smell."

Midshipman John Bennett, R.A.N., to his mother, Mrs. Rex Bennett, Victoria Barracks, Sydney:

"WE made a number of air attacks against the Sakishima group and also Formosa.

"We began a few days before the Okinawa landing by bombing the Sakishima group, between Okinawa and Formosa.

"Then we had a go at Formosa. These air operations were most successful.

"The attack by the Jap planes made on the fleet met with little success. Many of these attacks were made by suicide bombers.

"It is rather a thrill to see planes crashing into the sea! They usually trail smoke when losing height, and the pilot tries to regain control of the plane.

"They crash into the sea, sending up clouds of spray and sometimes exploding with a huge flash of flame. Just like the pictures, but you get a thrill and a certain satisfaction from seeing it."



LEISURE MOMENT for Sig. E. White, Port Campbell, Vic., and Sig. W. O'Shannessy, Fairfield Park, Vic., serving in New Guinea. Sent by Miss Heryl Jennings, 181 Hoddle St., Collingwood, Vic.

Pte. R. F. Norris, Intelligence, Baugainville, to his mother, Mrs. F. Norris, Olive St., Nundah, Qld.:

"IT seems a funny time to be writing you a letter, as we are now fairly well into it.

"So far we are only getting shelled a bit, but one of our companies got stuck into it yesterday and it was a very hot spot.

"Every time our artillery or mortars open up the old Nip replies. 'I have just been up with the forward lot and on my way back I had to wade through rivers waist deep.'

"I no sooner got on my bunk when the Nips opened fire on us, and one of the boys had his pouches knocked by a piece of shrapnel."

LAC K. C. M. Fisher, R.A.A.F., on Tarakan, to his wife, Mrs. K. Fisher, c/o C. A. Webb, Oyster Pt., Scarborough, Qld.:

"I KNOW now how the poor old kangaroos must have felt when I've been nipping the bullets round them. To hear them ricocheting close at hand and squealing overhead is not the best, although I guess while one can hear them all is well.

"These places would be very nice to see in peacetime, but no good now. The island is mostly jungle and swamp. Where we are is very sandy, so I don't think we will be troubled with much water lying about.

"I wandered over to the A.C.P. last night to listen to the news. We tune-in to Tokio for a laugh! According to them most of us have been wiped out here!"

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

## A Velvet Gown

Continued from page 3

where. I—I was going to say goodbye. I thought there should be someone. But I don't believe just someone would do. It should be it should be you."

"Oh!" said Sandra. "No." "I have my train ticket here," said Charlotte. "You have half an hour. You can just make it if you hurry."

"No, I—couldn't!" cried Sandra. "You must!" said Charlotte fiercely. "You broke his heart once. It's your job now to mend it, not mine." Her voice broke.

"But I can't," cried Sandra. "I can't go like this—no clothes—nothing."

"My case is here," said Charlotte. "We're nearly enough the same size. I have only a few things in it, but they'll do."

"Oh!" said Sandra again. She reached down for the case on the floor beside the desk. Her eyes, resting for a moment longer on Charlotte's face, shone like stars. And for an instant Charlotte thought they looked shrewd and triumphant. But it must have been a trick of the light.

"Take it and go," she said harshly. "There is a wine-colored dress in there that might have been made for you."

Sandra snatched at the case.

"Malcolm will meet you at the station," said Charlotte. "If he doesn't, here's his address. I'll make it all right with Sister."

She scrawled it swiftly on a prescription pad, and Sandra snatched at that, too.

After a moment Charlotte went out slowly into the corridor. Sister was hovering there, evidently waiting for her.

"I'm sorry, Doctor," she said contritely. "That I had to leave that V.A. with your case. I think she's the worst of the lot."

Charlotte stopped in surprise. "The worst?" she said. "You mean Miss Carr?"

Sister nodded. "A society girl," she said, scornfully, "and pretty helpless."

"Oh!" said Charlotte gently. "No. You're wrong. It's difficult for them, of course—all this. But it's pretty splendid the way they're trying to help, to enter a new world and be useful."

Sister sniffed. "But not Carr. What she wanted was glamor and excitement. That's all. And she didn't get it. That's why she's leaving to-night."

"Leaving?" said Charlotte. Her heart stood still. Oh, no! Not Surely that wasn't true. Surely she hadn't sent the old Sandra to Malcolm, to start all over again for him his heartache and disappointment.

"Do you mean," she said, "that she was not going on with this job?"

"Going on?" said Sister contemptuously. "Not she."

Charlotte stood for a moment leaning against the wall. She saw it all now. Sandra had known the child was her case. She had known she could put on her act of humility and worm out of her where Malcolm could be found.

The soft, foolish words of the old ballad he used to sing came back to her: "My love will wear a velvet gown . . ." "My love . . . my love . . ." She, his love, would indeed wear a velvet gown. For Sandra was his love, of course. She had always been. He had never got over wanting her, and he never would.

"I'm tired," she repeated absently. "I'm as tired as death."

Charlotte made her way, almost mechanically, back to her small flat, not even trying to get a taxi. She went blindly up the stairs, thrust her key into the lock and flung open her door. On the threshold she stopped. There was a light in the living-room. She was sure she had left it in darkness. She saw a shadow along the floor. A lean, tall shadow that made her catch her breath. She ran into the room.

"Malcolm!" she cried. "Oh, Malcolm!"

He came forward swiftly. She felt his arms about her, his cheek against hers.

"Not!" she protested, pushing against him.

"Lotta!" he said. "Lotta, darling. What is it? I wired you that I was coming. I couldn't wait for you to come to me. I've been so longing to see you, Lotta."

"Sandra!" Charlotte tried to explain. "Sandra has gone to London to meet you."

"Gone to meet me? Why should Sandra go anywhere to meet me?"

"I sent her," Lotta said wildly, "in place of me. You—I—I thought you loved her."

"You sent her? . . . Well, I'll be hanged!"

Suddenly he laughed aloud. "I'm a soldier!" he cried. "I take orders. I go where my country sends me. But, by heaven, I pick my own women! Sandra! . . . Lotta, you little idiot—it's you I love. It's you I've always loved. Only I had to go away from you to see it. Oh, Lotta . . ."

She clung to him, her face hidden against his shoulder. She murmured something. He held her off briefly to listen. But he thought what she said made very little sense, so he caught her close again. It had sounded as if she had said, "Your love has lost her velvet gown." But it didn't matter very much.

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# As I Read the S.T.A.R.S. by JUNE MARSDEN

**M**ORE people than usual are likely to feel the planetary influences which influence the current week. The Sun moves from the sign Gemini (The Twins) into that called Cancer (The Crab). This change occurs early on June 23, Australian time.

This indicates improved fortunes for most Scorpions, Cancerians, and Pisceans, but the Pisceans, Sagittarians, and Virgoans must continue to live cautiously until June 22.

After that date, Capricornians, Librans and Arians will have to observe care in their actions and affairs, but Librans, Geminians, and Aquarians may still benefit considerably until June 22.

## The Daily Diary

**H**ERE is my astrological review for the week:

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): June 19, 20, 21, after midday, and all June 20 (probably worse) can all produce difficult-ies, upsets. Live wisely for some weeks. Midday June 21 poor, too.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): June 21 and 22 can bring moderately troubling conditions; avoid changes, discord, losses. June 23 (afternoon only) helpful.

**GEMINI** (May 21 to June 21): Such important matters on June 19 (zero and midday best; forenoon poor); or on June 20 (forenoon to dusk best).

**CANCER** (June 21 to July 21): Good weeks ahead; plan wisely, work hard. June 21 (before 9 a.m. and after dusk) fair; June 22 poor to 9 a.m., but then excellent; seek progress, gains. June 23 just fair, but June 24 (after midday) and June 25 poor.

**LEO** (July 21 to August 21): Fair prospects in semi-important affairs on June 19 and all round midday; June 20 (from forenoon to dusk). June 21 (afternoon) fair.

**VIRGO** (August 21 to September 21): Live cautiously until June 22 sunrise to avoid setbacks, worries. But June 23 (from noon to 2 p.m.) and June 24 (noon to 4 p.m.) only moderately helpful. June 25 to 26 poor.

**LIBRA** (September 21 to October 21): A queer week. Try to avoid confusion, make good use of June 19 (forenoon poor, but zero and midday hours good; and of June 20 (fair to 11 a.m., then excellent to dusk). But June 25 and 26 adverse, June 24 poor.

**SCORPIO** (October 21 to November 21): Opportunities, changes possible now; seek progress. June 19 (midday hours) and June 20 (forenoon to dusk), or June 21 (before 9 a.m. and after dusk) quite fair; June 22 (sunrise hours) poor, then excellent. June 23 fair. June 24 (noon to 4 p.m.) good.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 21 to December 21): Live carefully until 9 a.m. on June 22, but thereafter affairs improve. June 22 (forenoon to 9 a.m.) and June 23 (mid-afternoon) both fair. June 24 to 26 tricky.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21 to January 21): Be cautious all this week. June 19 and 20 poor; June 21 (sunrise and evening hours) fair. June 24 and 25 can bring loss, discord; live wisely, avoid changes.

**AQUARIUS** (January 21 to February 21): Make good use of June 19 except sunrise to 10 a.m. (zero and midday hours best); and of June 20 (from noon to dusk best); but live cautiously from June 21 to June 26.

**PISCES** (February 21 to March 21): A tricky week; starts poorly, ends better. June 22 poor to 9 a.m., then very good; seek progress, gains. June 23 (fair to sunrise), then tricky to June 26 dawn. June 26 (afternoon hours) fair.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

## Animal Antics



"Remind me to see a doctor tomorrow. I'm seeing those spots again."

# Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and  
**LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, and  
**PRINCESS NARDA:** Were lured to Kord Key,  
Isle of walking dead (Kordies), by  
**BARON KORD:** Whom Narda agrees to wed if  
he frees Mandrake.  
**TRINA:** Kord's sister, befriends the captives.

Mandrake and Lothar pretend Kord has succeeded in making them Kordies. When Kord raids a nearby village to get ten new victims as a gift for his bride, he is not worried when Mandrake, apparently helpless, follows him.

NOW READ ON:



## THE NIGHT RAIDERS--!



## THE TOUGH HENCHMEN OF BARON KORD WORK QUICKLY AND SYSTEMATICALLY--



## THE FEARED NIGHT RAIDERS OF KORD KEY CAPTURE THE TERRIFIED FISHERMEN--AND FORCE THEM TO DRINK--



SO THAT'S IT-- THAT LIQUID  
TURNS THEM INTO KORDIES--  
I WONDER IF IT HAS A  
PERMANENT EFFECT--  
OR IF IT  
WEARS  
OFF--



HUSKIES-- ALL  
OF THEM--! WE  
ARE READY TO  
RETURN TO  
KORD KEY!



BARON KORD  
INSPECTS THE  
NEWLY-MADE  
KORDIES--

AND THE NIGHT RAIDERS SPEED  
BACK TO KORD KEY WITH THEIR  
EERIE WEDDING PRESENT FOR  
NARDA, THE BRIDE-TO-BE OF  
BARON KORD!



THIS IS YOUR WEDDING GOWN.  
KORD BOUGHT IT  
THE FIRST DAY  
HE SAW YOU.



THOUGHTFUL  
OF HIM!

NARDA, MANDRAKE'S NOT GOING  
TO LET YOU GO ON WITH THIS  
WEDDING FARCE,  
IS HE?



MANDRAKE-  
IS A KORDIE--

NARDA, DARLING--I KNOW THAT  
MANDRAKE'S ONLY PRETENDING  
TO BE A KORDIE.  
I GAVE HIM  
THE IDEA.  
YOU CAN  
TRUST ME--



GO AWAY--YOU'RE  
NOT SUPPOSED TO  
SEE THE BRIDE  
UNTIL THE  
CEREMONY.



NONSENSE.

LOOK DOWN THERE, NARDA.  
TEN BRAND  
NEW KORDIES--



MADE TO ORDER--MY  
WEDDING PRESENT  
TO YOU.



WHAT A  
--NICE--  
PRESENT--

"WHAT ONCE WERE MEN ARE  
NOW FAITHFUL BEASTS--YOUR  
ABSOLUTE SLAVES."



THIS WEDDING IS  
GETTING TOO CLOSE  
FOR COMFORT!  
WHEN WILL  
MANDRAKE  
ACT?



I DON'T KNOW, TRINA.  
HE WANTS TO PRETEND  
TO BE A KORDIE UNTIL  
HE DISCOVERS THE  
BARON'S SECRET OF  
MAKING MEN  
INTO KORDIES!



TO BE CONTINUED



*Bless him!*  
He shall have  
only the **BEST**

YES, MOTHER, when our research laboratories were developing the new Spray Process Lactogen, they, too, thought and worked with this single purpose . . . that nothing should be omitted or left undone that would make this new Lactogen the **best of all prepared foods for baby.**



## Doctors, Infant-Feeding Specialists and Nurses recommend **LACTOGEN FOR BABY**

*because the new, exclusive Spray Process Lactogen*

- 1 Forms a softer, finer curd, more easily assimilated by baby's delicate stomach.
- 2 This soft, finely divided Lactogen curd is far more readily digestible.
- 3 A further outstanding advantage achieved by the new Spray Process of manufacture is the avoidance of fat separation during feeding.

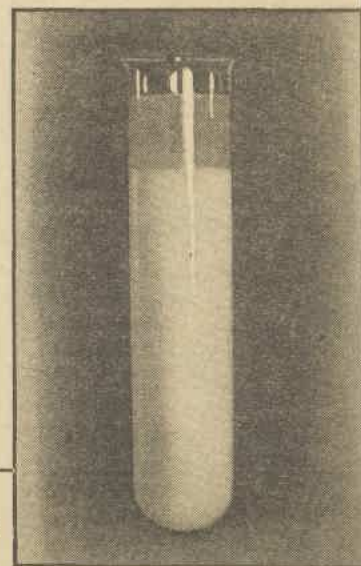
### Photograph shows fineness of the Lactogen Curd

It is a scientific fact that all milk, in the process of digestion, forms a curd. The ease or difficulty of digestion depends upon the size and toughness of the curd formed. The finer the curd the more easily digestible it is.

LACTOGEN, made by the new exclusive Spray Process, forms the softest and finest of curds and is, therefore, the

easiest of all prepared foods for infants to digest.

DOCTORS RECOMMEND Lactogen, Nurses use it, not only because of its greater digestibility and nourishing qualities, but for the further important fact that fat separation is avoided during feeding.



**Mother,** nothing is so important to Baby's present welfare and future development as correct feeding NOW.

Natural food as long as possible is preferable, of course, but when breast milk fails or is in any way inadequate, Lactogen is the safe, certain substitute, because, in addition to the advantages enumerated above, it is modified with added cream and lactose so that Baby can assimilate all its nourishment and rapidly develop firm flesh, strong bone and healthy muscle.

### So easily prepared

Just place the measured amount of Lactogen on top of warm (previously boiled) water . . . whisk briskly . . . and Baby's food is ready!

# LACTOGEN

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT



# Pastoral

Continued from page 7

SHE bent impulsively and kissed the back of his hand. He put the other hand up and stroked her hair clumsily, and they were silent for a minute or two. Presently she drew back. "You'll have to take it easy for a bit," she said. "You said your wrists were tired, over the R.T."

"Did I? Were you listening in?" She nodded. "You said your wrists were tired quite early, and that was a long time before you landed." "So they were," he said. "She was frightfully heavy to hold. I was afraid they weren't going to last out, and that I wouldn't be able to hold the wheel any longer." She massaged his wrist gently. "It'll come back as soon as the muscles are rested," she said. "It's a sort of sprain." She got up and fetched the tea over, and put both cups on the floor beside the bed. "I'll hold the cup for you while you drink."

He said, "Do you know how Phillips is getting on?" She told him what she knew, and she gave him his tea in little sips, holding the cup for him. And presently she said, "I've been thinking about things, Peter—about us. Do you still want to marry me?"

He put out his hand and stroked her arm clumsily. "I want that frightfully," he said. "But only if it's going to be as good for you as it would be for me."

She said, "If we didn't get married, I don't think I'd ever be happy again."

A shade of apprehension came into his eyes. "You're really sure, Gervase? I mean, this isn't because you think it was a good show, what I did last night?"

She shook her head. "It was a good show, Peter, and I'm frightfully proud. But it was before that, when you didn't send 'Mission Completed,' that I knew. You see—I thought you were dead, Peter, and you wouldn't come back at all. That's when I knew what I really felt about you, and what it would mean, sort of going on alone."

Medical officer or no, if the Queen Waif had happened to look into bedroom 16 in the next few minutes, Gervase would have been out of the Service within half an hour. But she didn't, and presently they broke away and sat quiet for a minute, looking at each other.

Marshall said, "Got any ideas about when?"

She said, "Let's have it soon, Peter. You've only got two more ops. to do, and then you'll be sent away. If we're going to be married, I'd like to be married before you go."

He said, "We ought to meet each other's people. Mine won't worry, but I'd like to keep them sweet."

She said, "It's the same with me. But we could get a week's leave, and go and see them both."

He nodded. They talked until the lapse of time scared them. Gervase gathered up the cups. "I'll go down and ring the M.O. and he'll come and tell you if you can get up," she said, and went out, walking in a dream.

Marshall came downstairs three-quarters of an hour later, escorted by the young M.O. Gervase met them in the hall. "He says I can go out a bit," said Marshall. "I want to go and see what's left of Robert."

Proctor said, "You'd better go in my truck. Don't go and get fired. I'll expect to see you back here in an hour."

He walked out with them to the truck; Gervase got into the driving seat and they drove off toward the runway. The Medical Officer turned, went to the Headquarters office, and went in to Wing-Commander Dobbie. The C.O. was talking to the Adjutant; they looked up as the M.O. poked his head round the door. "Is this about Marshall?" Dobbie asked.

The Medical Officer said, "Yes." "Come on in," said Dobbie. "How is he?"

The Surgeon Flight-Lieutenant said, "His head is quite all right—just one deep scar that will need dressing every day. His hands are semi-paralysed, but that's only nervous strain, together with muscular fatigue; it'll go off in a short time. I was going to suggest you send him home on leave for a few days. He

lives quite close to an R.A.F. hospital, and he can have his scar dressed there."

"I don't mind," said Dobbie. "You don't want to take him into hospital?"

"Not if I can help it. I don't like hospital with these slight nervous troubles." He hesitated. "He's just got himself engaged," he said. "It's Section-Officer Robertson wants leave at the same time I'd think it was a very good thing for him."

Dobbie laughed. "I think it would be a very good thing, too," he said. In the truck, halted by the side of the ring runway, Gervase said timidly: "Would you like to sort of tell people in the mess this evening, Peter?"

He drew her to him clumsily in the truck and kissed her, regardless of an interested AG2 approaching in the middle distance. "Suits me," he said. "It makes it harder for you to get out of it."

Presently, feeling some slight stir of Service decency and aerodrome behaviour, they disentangled and drove on round the runway. In the warm sunlight of the summer afternoon they got out of the truck and walked over the grass to the remains of what had once been R for Robert. The fuselage was broken by the crash and shattered by cannon fire; the turret was crushed and stained with blood.

Proctor said Sergeant Phillips is going on all right," said Marshall. "He's been asking about me. I'd like to drive into Oxford tomorrow and see him, if they'll let me."

They walked forward to the broken cockpit. The wheel was still intact. For the rest, it was just smelly, bent, and tangled wreckage waiting to be carted to some dump to lie and rot. "Poor old Robert," said the pilot thoughtfully. "I did a lot of hours in her." They got into the truck and went back to the hospital.

THEY left the truck before the hospital, and walked on up the road toward Headquarters. The Wing-Commander came out as they approached; he saw them and turned briskly toward them.

"Evening, Marshall," he said. "How are you feeling?"

The pilot grinned at him. "Okay, sir," he said. "I've just been down to have a look at Robert."

"Not much of it left." "No. I'm sorry about that; I thought I'd get her down more in one piece."

"Lucky to get her down at all," said Dobbie. "How are your hands?" "I can't do much with them. Proctor says I've got to go on leave."

"He told me that. You'd better get away first thing to-morrow."

The pilot said, "I would like to go into Oxford first to see Sergeant Phillips, sir. I don't suppose I'll be able to see him till the afternoon. Could I go the day after?"

"All right," he spoke for a few minutes about hospital treatment for the cuts upon the pilot's face, and about a medical board before resuming flying. Then the Wing-Commander glanced at Gervase. There was a momentary pause.

She said diffidently: "Could I take a week's leave at the same time, sir?" She colored a little. "We've decided to get married."

Dobbie grinned. "I'm very glad to hear it. Are you going to stand me a glass of sherry in the mess to-night?"

"We'd like that, sir." "Good."

He strode off up the road. Marshall and Gervase turned and walked slowly to the mess. In the porch they met Flight-Lieutenant Johnson, returning from the links. "How's Nightingale?" he said.

Marshall grinned weakly. "Not so bad." He hesitated. "Got a bit of news," he said. "Give you three guesses."

## Our new serial

IN our issue of June 30 we will begin a new serial, "Danger in Paradise," by Octavus Roy Cohen. Set in a modern American advertising studio, it is a swift-moving story of international intrigue, murder, and romance.

# WORTH Reporting

THOUSANDS of British children are having their first glimpse of the sea. Since it has been opened to the public and declared free of mines, Brighton Beach is crowded even on the duller days with bathers, paddlers, and countless lazier holiday-makers who just sit.

One small girl down there was making more than usual fuss about her first sight of the sea and a crowd gathered round her.

"Come along, darling," said her mother persuasively. "There's nothing to be frightened of."

When all blandishments failed the mother lost patience. "Whatever's the matter?" she asked. "Why don't you want to bathe?"

"I don't like the sea," was the reply. "It looks much too wet."

## Horse-show fashions

OLDER people among the fifteen thousand spectators at Royal Windsor Horse Show were intrigued when the Princesses appeared in their smart little phaseton wearing scarves instead of hats, cables our London office.

Before the war entrants in all events wore their smartest clothes. Anyone wearing such informal millinery as a scarf would have been criticised in no uncertain terms.

Incidentally, the crowd was wildly enthusiastic when Princess Elizabeth, with Princess Margaret as passenger, carried off the silver cup for the best single turnout. Earlier in the afternoon Princess Alexandra, the Duchess of Kent's small daughter, had competed in a children's riding class, but she did not win a prize.

SEEN and heard at King's Cross, Sydney:

A well-dressed young man, spreading a parcel of food out on a street seat, said to a battered tabby cat just sitting up to him:

"Well, you are late to-night."

Mr. Marshall cocked an eye at them. "They're sending you back to P.T.S. to learn to land an aircraft?" he said.

"No," said Gervase. "That's one." "You've pulled another of those things out of the main drain?"

"No," said Gervase. "Now just try, Pat. Think very, very hard."

He turned to her and said innocently: "Somebody's caught up with him with a breach of promise?"

The meeting became confused. "We'll have to tell him," Gervase said at last. "We're going to be married, Pat."

Mr. Johnson said: "I am surprised." He glanced at them. "It all started with that fish. I always said no good would come of that fish."

Gervase said: "Well, anyway, you get a glass of sherry out of it."

That night the name Nightingale descended upon Marshall and adhered.

It was all a great joke for an hour or two, terminating only when Proctor sent Marshall up to bed and Gervase went over to her own mess in the W.A.A.F. officers' quarters.

She was early in her office next morning, cleaning up her work and handing over to Section-Officer Millington, in readiness for going off on leave.

In the middle of the morning Marshall came into her office. "It's all right to go and see Phillips this afternoon," he said. "Proctor says we can take his truck. Will you be able to drive me?"

"I think so, Peter. There's nothing much to stay for." She thought for a minute. Do you think it would be nice to take some stuff for tea and have it somewhere? I mean, if Proctor's lending us his truck."

He grinned. "I think that's a wizard's idea. I'll tell Proctor he can kiss his truck good-bye for the rest of the day."

"Get somebody to fill it up, Peter."

Please turn to page 23

## SEE A PIN—

(A Perth woman picked up a pin, bought a lottery ticket, won £2000.)

A COOL two thousand snackers

This lucky lady wins.

It goes to show,

You never know—

The neighbors think I'm crackers.

And I've got two thousand pins:

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

## Heartbeats

A FOOL-PROOF electrical test for pregnancy has been reported by research physicians at Yale University, cables J. B. Davies, of our New York office.

An instrument detects and records faint electrical impulses from the beating embryo heart through a super-sensitive electro-cardiograph.

Twins can be detected as early as the fourth month, instead of six months, the present earliest time for detection.

The device has exploded the popular fallacy that the heartbeats of embryo girls are faster than those of boys.

The average heartbeat of an unborn boy has been found to be 145 per minute, as against 143 in girls.

## Easier cheques

IN Chattanooga, Tennessee, the local bank issues special cheque books for left-handed people.

These cheque books are printed with the stub on the right-hand side instead of the left.

Left-handed clients claim they are much easier to handle.

## VE-Day bonfire

THIS side we all feel we have had a reprieve—a reprieve from bombing and insecurity," writes Miss Florrie Bean, a schoolteacher who returned to England after spending some time on the staff of Bourke Street, Sydney, school.

"It is lovely to feel we shall have undisturbed nights of sleep and that our houses will be rocked no more. Everyone has as much light pouring from the windows as it is possible to get. We so much hated the blackout."

Mrs. Catterill, of Derby, England, has been writing regularly to Mrs. Barber, of Paddington, N.S.W., since Mrs. Barber's Air Force son first visited her home four years ago.

She dates her letter "VE plus 4" and says:

"We at home celebrated by making a huge bonfire of our blackout and the mattresses from our air-raid shelter. With some carefully stored fireworks we had a good show. It was a pity we did not have the pleasure of putting Hitler and his gang on top."



"Accident be dashed—my wife managed to buy a new dinner set."

## Darwin hero weds

HERO of the first bombing raids on Darwin, "Darky" (Wilbert) Hudson, faced up to another kind of attack recently. This time the ammunition was confetti.

"Darky," now discharged from the Army and back in his peacetime job at a textile factory, was married to Miss June Fiddy, of Paramatta, N.S.W.

"Darky" was one of the "Burns Boys," three gunners who were badly burned when all caught on fire near their gun position. Their recovery was the result of patient, skilful nursing under primitive conditions in an Army hospital in the Northern Territory. His Military Medal was one of the first two awarded for distinguished service against the enemy on Australian soil.

He still writes to Sister Doris Bell, who nursed him through the first critical weeks of his injuries.

## Press studs, O.S.

A DRESSMAKER was among early arrivals at a Commonwealth Disposals Commission auction held in Melbourne.

She had come to bid for precious press studs which she had read would be offered.

But her face fell when she found out they were to be sold in one-ton lots. The advertisement had neglected to mention the press studs were for buttoning tents.

## Scarce skeletons

IT is almost impossible to buy a "good-class" skeleton in America. Most of the best came from Hungary. A Hollywood property man complained that he was experiencing great difficulty in supplying skeletons for the horror-picture market. A second-grade one offered to him was obviously a "scrap-heap job." It had odd hounds.

Skeleton shortage is not only confined to America. One Sydney student has advertised repeatedly for a skeleton, but has had no answer.

His father informed us he was in the hotel business, and could usually procure most things that were in short supply. But as far as skeletons were concerned he had had no luck. "Only a few odd bones," he said.

Professor H. B. Dew, Dean of Faculty of Medicine at Sydney University, told us lack of skeletons is proving a difficulty to medical students.

"We have skeletons at the University, but a student should really possess one of his own for practical work," he said.

Before the war most skeletons used in Sydney were imported from Paris—rather a far cry, we thought, from what we usually associate with a Paris label.

## "Frankie and Johnnie"

"FRANKIE and Johnnie," the universally sung melancholy song, is the theme of a new ballet just presented by the Ballet Russe in America.

The song—the story of a girl who "shot her man 'cos he done her wrong"—is a U.S. folk ballad, and famous American author Carl Sandburg has discovered 110 versions of the mournful saga, some having as many as thirty verses.

Manhattanites who saw the ballet couldn't agree whether they liked it or not.

"Unclassical and too acrobatic" was one criticism.

WOMEN like a strong and silent man. They think he's listening. —U.S. Magazine.

## Samson, R.N.

BEARDS, fashionable just now in the Navy, are definitely not so popular in home circles of Britain.

A North London police court official has been called in to settle a difference between a young couple.

While the husband slept, his wife tried to shave his beard off. She said she had been irritated to the point of fury because the neighbors insisted on calling her "Mrs. Methusalem."





**CHINESE WOMAN** bombed out of her home seeks refuge in hostel accommodating 200 refugees, in Changsha Province.



**BOATMEN** on bank of river Hsian-Chiang, Changsha. Capital of Hunan, Changsha is main junction Hankow-Canton railway.



**YOUNG NURSE.** A refugee from Canton, this girl is on staff of British Red Cross Hospital, Changsha.

ON these pages we present a magnificent series of pictures by Cecil Beaton, famous English photographer, who has been working in China for the British Ministry of Information. He gives you intimate glimpses of this great people, who, with stubborn courage and endurance, have been resisting powerful Japanese armies for eight years.

With new U.S. armies in China, British successes in Burma, and a major Allied offensive about to be launched, China, after long years of suffering, has good reason to hope her day of victory is dawning at last.



**UNBROKEN SPIRIT OF CHINA** is epitomized by the people of China during the past four years—

## UNCONQUERABLE PEOPLE



**MECHANIC** testing mobile wireless transmitter at Government-owned wireless factory at Kweilin, in the Kwangsi Province.

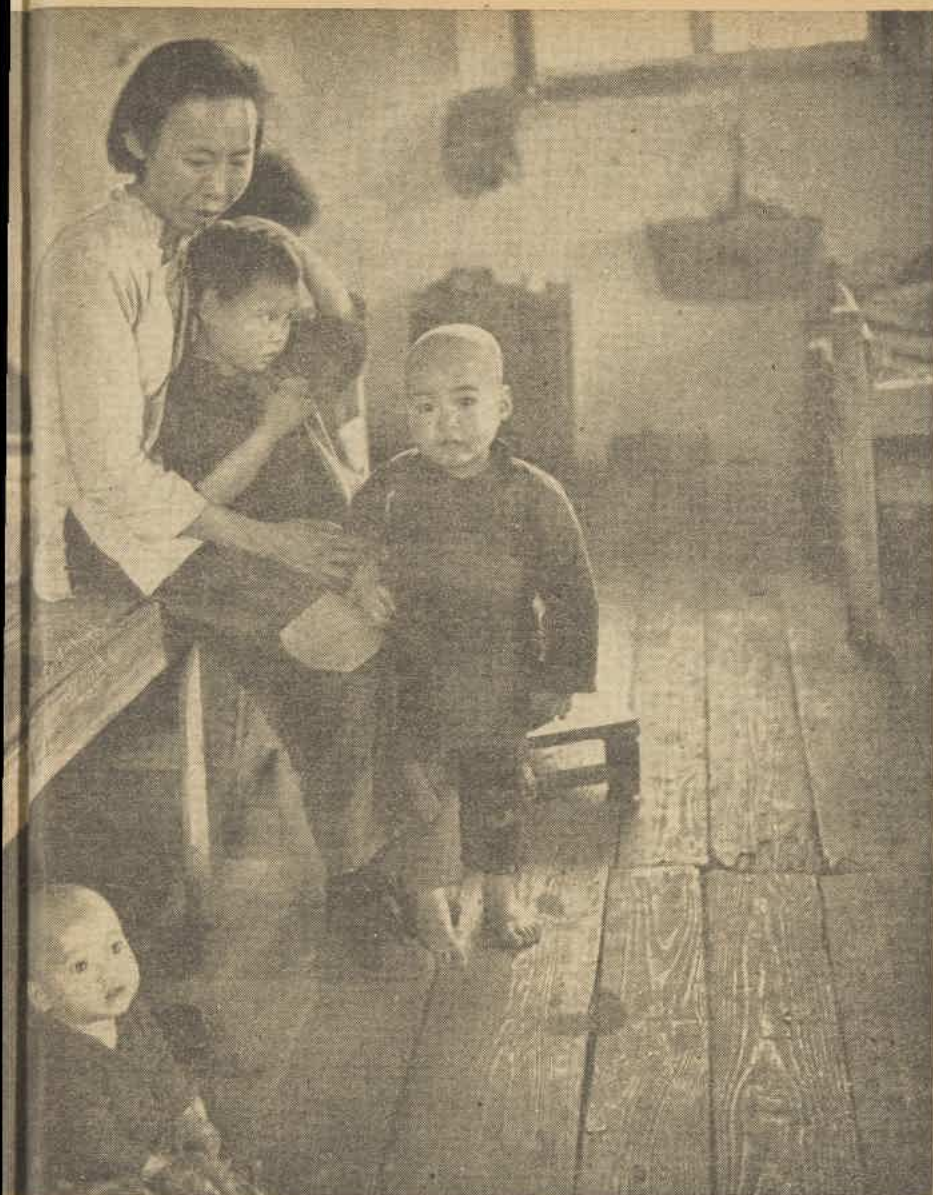


**CHINESE SOLDIER** (left) mingles with children and old men in this street scene outside the Siangtan railway station.



**CHINESE WAR ORPHANS** pose at the Chungking Victory Monument.





planned in camera study by Cecil Beaton. It is a scene which has been common throughout — refugee mother and her children facing a future with nothing except faith and hope

## THE OF CHINA: By Cecil Beaton



Get horrors of war during class  
Nursery School for Orphans.



**HUSBAND AND WIFE** in rice shop in Hunan. Inflation has sent rice costs soaring to fantastic figures in some Provinces.



**REFUGEE.** One of China's thousands of war orphans, this baby sleeps soundly on floor of a hostel set up in Changsha.



**BEGGAR BOY,** with clothing in tatters, optimistically sorts out rags for new clothes, in hostel for destitutes in Changsha.



**FIRE-FIGHTER ON ALERT.** China's A.R.P., non-existent at start of war, is now a highly trained and efficient organisation.



*Stay as sweet  
as you are...*



# Staisweet

THE DEODORANT YOU CAN TRUST



in jars and tubes





GRACIE MAKES A HIT. A/B. John Inman, R.N., from Lancaster, wins a flower from Gracie Fields as she leaves the stage of the British Centre with Mr. E. J. Tait after her first concert for servicemen.



SIGNING HIS PAYBOOK. Seaman Martin Lyons, of Liverpool, got a thrill when Gracie Fields, wearing his sailor cap, signed his paybook when he jumped on the stage at the new British Centre, Hyde Park, where she performed for servicemen.

## On and Off DUTY.

LANCASHIRE lad A/B. John Inman, R.N., made sure he'd see "his Gracie." He staked his claim of a front row seat at the new British Centre, Hyde Park, by arriving at four o'clock in the afternoon when Gracie Fields was to appear at 9 o'clock at night.

His initiative was rewarded when Gracie came on the stage. He jumped up from his seat directly in front of the microphones and shook her warmly by the hand.

He also caught a mandarine and a pear which she threw to her audience from a basket of flowers and fruit presented to her. He kissed her hand when he took up his position at the foot of the stairs as she was leaving. Gracie gave him a hibiscus.

MATTER-OF-FACTLY he said, "I'll eat me fruit and sleep with the flower beneath me pillow."

"I've been waiting for this moment ever since I knew Gracie was coming 'ere," he said. "She's me pin-up girl, and that's a fact—I've seen her lots of times at 'ome."

With a careless wave of her hand, Gracie stopped the wave of applause when she appeared on the stage and said: "Now, boys, we'll get on with our knitting . . ." She proceeded to sing, tell stories, and keep her audience of more than 3000 servicemen and servicewomen enthralled . . . She gave them comedy, romantic numbers interspersed with funny stories, danced a little jig, and tugged at their hearts when she sang "Ave Maria."

CATCH glimpse of attractive Mrs. Grant Giblin, of Nullengah station, Gulgambone, with her mother, Mrs. H. K. Gordon, doing a spot of shopping before she returns to country. Mrs. Giblin has been down in Sydney for a few weeks with young Barbara and John.



NAVAL WEDDING. Lieut. James Wilshire, R.A.N.V.R., and his attractive bride, formerly Betty Church, leaving St. Giles' Church, Greenwich, after their marriage. Betty is younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Church, of Wollstonecraft.



HAPPY TWOSOME. Wren Nancy Corn and R.A.F. fiance Leslie Greenwell announce engagement in Sydney and celebrate with luncheon at The Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicewomen. Nancy comes from Coventry, England, and Leslie is from Newcastle-on-Tyne.



CAKE-CUTTING CEREMONY. Ian Sinclair and his bride, formerly Pam Hardie, at reception at Australia Hotel. Bride is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hardie, Rose Bay. Ian is only son of Mrs. Sinclair, Collingwood, Pokataroo, and late Mr. J. A. Sinclair.



SERVICE INTEREST. Lieut. Murray Fairlie, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Corporal Audrey Cook, W.A.A.F., after their marriage at St. Philip's, Church Hill. Bride is younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Cook, of Chatswood.



FILMS FANS. Judy Parer (left) and Joy Hull meet Captain William Kerr, M.N., leading player in film, "Western Approaches," when he attends Embassy Theatre to see picture on his arrival in Sydney. All players appearing in film are Navy personnel.

ADMIRE exquisite gown worn by Nora O'Neill when she marries Sub-Lieutenant John O'Brien, R.N.V.R., at Our Lady of Dolours' Church, Chatswood. Pretty bridesmaids Margot O'Neill, Meg Dalton, and Lorna O'Brien also wear lovely frocks offset by bouquets of deep-red roses.

GLIMPSE Consul-General for Poland, Mr. L. de Nockowski, at premiere of "Wilson" at Regent Theatre. He tells me he had appointment in Washington in 1917-18 when President Wilson was in White House, so film had particular interest for him.

"IT'S a grand adventure," says Penelope Richardson when my Melbourne newshound telephones her to congratulate her on appointment of husband Geoffrey as third secretary to Australian Legation in Canada. Geoffrey—Oxford graduate and formerly Lieutenant with Sixth Division, A.I.F.—was one of first Australian diplomatic cadets. Has been in Canberra for some months, attached to Department of External Affairs. No accommodation there, so "Pep," with small son Michael, 18 months, stays with her parents, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. R. A. Little, in South Yarra. "Think we are to have furnished flat occupied by former secretary in Ottawa, but plan to take all our wedding presents," says Pep.

JUST back from England after two years, Warrant-Officer Maurice Bailey, R.A.A.F., has two of his Air Force pals who were overseas with him as attendants when he marries ACW Georgina (Georgie) Evans, W.A.A.F., at St. Anne's, Strathfield. They are Warrant-Officers Robert Wood and Brian O'Connell.



ENGAGED COUPLE. Jacqueline Lewis and Squadron Leader "Titus" Oates, D.F.C., R.A.A.F., who announce engagement. "Titus" is test-pilot for mosquito aircraft.

CHARMING Grace Muirhead-Gould has now moved into her own home at Lymington, Hampshire, England, with Andrew and John, while James is at school. Her husband, Rear-Admiral G. C. Muirhead-Gould, R.N., formerly officer in charge of naval establishments in Sydney, has now taken up appointment in Germany.

DOWN on leave from New Guinea, Signaller James Cross, A.I.F., marries pretty Ruth Stewart at Randwick Presbyterian Church. Ruth wears lovely trained gown of marquisette with pale pink tulle veil.

SERVICE interest when attractive Meg Woolton, only daughter of late Captain S. Harold Woolton, of Bombay, India, and of Mrs. Woolton, of Cremorne, announces engagement to LAC Robert Erwin, R.A.A.F., only child of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Erwin, of Naremburn. Meg is wearing solitary ring in square setting.

Joyce





# The Dance she'd never forget



THE ONE SOAP  
SPECIALLY MADE TO  
STOP "B.O."



A LEVER PRODUCT

W.130.1



DON'T SUFFER ENDLESS  
GREASY DISHWASHING  
ONE MINUTE MORE!



WHAT a relief — never, never nasty, greasy washing-up again! Yes, in a flash, even the biggest stack of dishes is spotless and sparkling — with just a sprinkle of Rinso. No unpleasant dishpan scum; so dishes come out bright and clean with no horrid smear. Just pop all your china, glass, silverware into Rinso's richer, longer-lasting suds!



Z.164.1



# The Rose-colored Scarf

Continued from page 5

"YOU mean Dad's coming here?" she gasped.

The little man nodded. "And if you leave now, you're liable to run right into him. Besides, Nick may get a trifle nasty about it."

The Old Man's daughter recovered her composure. "If this were a tactical problem," she smiled, "Dad would depend on his non-coms."

"We fight with women," the little man said, "not over them."

The music stopped, and he took her back to Nick's table. "Just act as if you're having a pleasant evening," he whispered. Excusing himself, he hurried to the booth.

Carefully closing the curtains, he said to its occupants: "We may be pushed for time. . . John, open that window."

They looked out on the street. "Two stories down," Big John said. "Do we throw Nick out, Sully?"

Ignoring him, Sully watched two pinpoints of light as a taxi rounded the corner and pulled to a stop below them. Colonel Henderleigh stepped out of the cab.

"And we're the cause of this," Tony said heavily.

"There comes a time in every man's life when he must choose between the path of rectitude and eternal sorrow," the little man said. "Let's go!"

"You mean?"

"Exactly. I'm taking Miss Henderleigh out the back way. It may be necessary to create a slight diversion."

Brushing through the curtains, he strode to Nick's table. Tony and Big John behind him. "Sorry, Nick," he said, "but Miss Henderleigh is leaving."

Nick scrambled to his feet, yelling for his footmen.

"Jerry! Pete! Frank!" he cried.

The little man moved swiftly. "We'll pay plenty for this," he snapped. In one angry movement, he kicked the table over. Turning his back on the charging footmen, he hustled Miss Henderleigh through the kitchen and down dark, winding stairs.

Behind him heavy bodies crashed against the furnishings as Big John and Tony stemmed the charge.

At the corner Sully hailed a cruising cab. "Push off, driver," he shouted, the battle-vire high in his voice. "The lady'll tell you where." Hurriedly he retraced his steps. He pounded up the stairs and through the kitchen.

Three of the footmen and two of Nick's friends had already lost interest in the fight.

Stepping through the opening thus created, Sully took his rightful place between the two big soldiers.

Side by side they moved forward, and the ranks of those who battled at Nick's bidding dwindled rapidly. Men who'd swaggered through the pool-rooms broke before these three who fought because they loved it.

Friends fled or fallen. Nick mounted his hatred from behind two wobbly footmen. "Hold it," Sully ordered. "We've had our fun." He grinned at Nick from a battered face. "Nice party," he acknowledged. Nick's foot shot out in a vicious effort.

Sully whirled away from the kick; then, pivoting sharply, he crashed his loaded fist against Nick's nose.

"He isn't as good-looking as I remembered," the little man murmured. He looked up and saw Colonel Henderleigh leaning on the cashier's desk, just inside the entrance. "Let's go," he said wearily.

"This is it," Tony whispered.

"But we oughta get all we can," Big John insisted. Quickly he seized the two remaining footmen. Swinging them apart, he brought them smartly together again, their heads ringing very nicely. "Never been in a fight yet I didn't crack a conk or two," he muttered.

"A stirring exhibition," the Old Man conceded. "I have a taxi downstairs. Wait for me, And Sullivan," he added coldly. "We'll save our discussion until morning."

In the dismal grey of the early morning, they stood again before the battalion commander's desk. The Old Man was on his feet, one hand thrust in his field-jacket, the other pounding the desk. "Milano," he

barked, "how did this row start?"

"Dunno, sir."

"Ross!"

"Dunno, sir."

"Sullivan!"

The little man thought of the platoon they'd been so proud of. He wondered who the new sergeant would be, and where the Old Man would ever find two corporals like Big John and Tony. "The large, ugly faces again, sir," he said miserably.

The Colonel looked from the little man to Big John, and Tony, then back again. "As your commanding officer," he said, "I should be reaching for your stripes."

Shoulders back and eyes straight to the front, they awaited his pronouncement.

Slowly the Old Man withdrew the hand from his field-jacket, a rose-colored scarf balled in his fist. "But as one gentleman to three others," he added, "I bid you all good morning."

(Copyright)

HE nodded. "I'm just going in to see Winco about Phillips. I think he ought to get a D.F.M., even if he did shoot the thing down on top of us."

"It's the second one he's shot down, isn't it?"

The pilot nodded. "The point is, he was wounded before he got this one. He got shot up in the first attack."

He went off to the Wing-Commander's office, and Gervase sat down at her desk to write a letter to her mother in Thirsk, breaking the news that she was going to be married.

She posted this before lunch, and lunched with Peter in the mess, cutting up his roast lamb for him so that he could eat it with a spoon, to the accompaniment of a running commentary from Mr. Johnson. They got off afterwards in the small truck and drove out of the station in good spirits, Gervase at the wheel.

They got to Oxford in about half an hour and drove straight to the hospital. They came out twenty

## Continuing . . . Pastoral

from page 17

minutes later considerably sobered; there had been something very touching in the pathetic gratitude of a very sick young man lying stretched upon a complicated rack of weights and pulleys made up into a bed.

They bought some gooseberries in a bag and a few tired-looking rock cakes and four doubtful sausage-rolls, all the food that they could find in Oxford in the middle of the afternoon. Then they walked round and looked at engagement rings in shop windows, and came to the conclusion that they would do better in London. And then, because they were tired of being in the company of other people, they went back to the truck, and after some discussion decided to drive to Coldstone Mill.

"I caught a pike there once," said Marshall. "Did I ever tell you?"

"Not properly," said Gervase. "We'll go there and have tea, and you shall tell me all about it. It's not much out of our way."

It was very pleasant out at Cold-

stone Mill that afternoon in May. Chestnut and hawthorn were in bloom; in the mill-pool the water slipped translucent over the gravelly shallows and the new pale green weed, brilliant in the sunlight. They drove the truck a few yards off the road down to the grass beside the water, and went on for fifty yards carrying their thermos and their paper bags till they found a place that suited them beside the running stream. There they sat down very close together and began to talk, but not about fishing.

Presently Gervase said, "You'd like us to get married pretty soon, Peter, wouldn't you?"

He drew her a little more comfortably close to him. "I would," he said. "I don't want to hurry you, Gervase."

She smiled up at him. "I'd like to. Let's do it right away. I'd like to be married before you go on ops again."

"I believe we could do that," said Marshall thoughtfully. "If we went at it right away. I don't see myself going again for the thick end of a month."

She caressed his hand gently. "Nor do I."

Presently he said, "There's one thing, though. I've only got two more ops. to do. Then I'll be transferred away from here, Gervase." He looked down at her, worried. "That means that I get buzzed off somewhere else just after we've got married, leaving you here. Have you thought of that?"

She nodded. "I've thought of that one, Peter. I think I'd like to leave the W.A.A.F."

"Honestly?"

"Honestly. If we're going to get married."

There was silence for a little. Gervase, resting against his shoulder, thought how quickly she had changed her views about her work. Only a few months before she had thought that her work in the R.A.P. mattered more than anything else. Work in the R.A.P. still mattered in her life, but it was Peter's work.

He was troubled. "I don't want you to give up too much," he said. "It seems a bit one-sided."

She sat up a little. "I've loved being in the W.A.A.F.," she said. "I don't think specially because I like the Service. I've been very unhappy in it at times. I was miserable when first I came to Hartley. But I've loved learning to do an important job really well—that's been the real fun. And you can get that in other ways."

"What sort of ways?"

"Being a wife," said Gervase simply. "I don't know the first thing about it, Peter. But if I'm going to do it, then I want to do it well. And that's not staying on at Hartley as a married Waaf while you're in Scotland flying Liberators." She paused. "I'd like to leave the W.A.A.F. now, honestly."

They sat quiet together for a while, then in the sound of the wood-pigeons calling in the trees behind them, and in the sound of running water at their feet, they unpacked their tea. Gervase filled the plastic cup with tea from the thermos. "Want a drink?"

He did not answer. She looked up at him, and he was staring over her shoulder toward the road and the truck behind her back. "What are you looking at?" she asked, and turned to see.

There was a large camouflaged R.A.F. saloon car stopped upon the road. The W.A.A.F. driver was still in her seat. The door of the rear seat was open, and an officer in Air Force blue was walking down across the meadow to their truck parked by the water-side. He was a tall, thick-set man about fifty years of age. He wore two rows of medal ribbons beneath the wings upon his chest. He wore one broad band of light blue braid upon each cuff, with a black band each side of it. Gervase stared at him aghast.

Please turn to page 28

## What's on your mind?

### A new job for patriotic women to do

IT would be a grand thing if servicemen's wives could find someone to mind their babies so they could go out at night with their menfolk when they come home on leave.

All wives haven't mothers or relatives handy who may help out in this way, and cannot go out at ordinary times if their babies are young.

When their husbands come home for a few days, or for even a day at the week-end, one has to stay and mind the babies.

A baby-minding service sponsored by thoughtful and patriotic women would indeed be a boon, and would quickly gain the admiration and respect of servicemen.

5/- to Sgt. G. Healy, R.A.A.F., Richmond, N.S.W.

### Level corners

WHEN new streets are being made all corners should be built level with the road.

This would be much easier for mothers with prams who very often have to struggle over gutters.

5/- to Mrs. D. McGill, 2a Blackwall Pt. Rd., Chiswick, N.S.W.

### Married men

I DON'T agree with Miss B. (2/5/45) when she says a married man should wear a ring.

A ring isn't going to stop him from flirting.

There are ways of telling if a man is married. He generally gives himself away by his self-assurance and conceit.

Besides he could easily take the ring off.

5/- to Mrs. R. Bell, O'Brien St., Grenfell, N.S.W.

### Psychologists at schools

IN nearly every class of children there are usually a few youngsters who quite passionately declare that they hate school.

These children are nearly always backward in their lessons. The parents find that they have to "drive" their children to school.

To remedy this state of affairs, qualified psychologists should be employed by the Education Department, so that the children, parents, and teachers could bring their problems for discussion, advice, and adjustments with a person of a trained, impartial mind.

5/- to M. Philpot, Lilydale, Vic.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

### Regular soldiers

MY plea is for the regular soldier! It is to be hoped that in the near future he will get a better deal all round.

Before the first World War and even after it he was regarded as a nonentity and even a ne'er-do-well.

It is up to us that the "regular's" status is greatly improved—decent, well-cut uniforms, better pay and conditions, and furthermore a definite place in the new world.

5/- to Jean Short, 105 Wheatley Rd., S.E.14, Melbourne.

### Sinatra fans

ARE Frank Sinatra fans genuinely charmed by the Swooner-Crooner's voice, or are they merely attracted by the notoriety they enjoy as members of a rather eccentric society?

The Sinatra craze is in keeping with the increasing influence



American artists and their publicity agents are wielding over-impressionable teen-age minds.

It is the duty of parents to discourage this cheap fashionable entertainment.

5/- to LAC J. Davis, R.A.A.F.

### Expensive letters

DOES anyone ever think of the cost of letter-writing to servicemen?

I have just posted my 46th letter at fourpence since March 11 of this year to my husband.

It is necessary, too. Those letters mean more than anything else in my husband's monotonous existence up North.

5/- to Mrs. B. Tully, 16 Sheffield St., Kingsgrove, N.S.W.

### Adoptions better

I AM a regular visitor to orphanages, and as a child was an inmate of one of these institutions.

I cannot understand why childless couples should resort to artificial insemination in order to experience the joys of children in the home, when there are thousands of healthy babies in institutions crying out for the love which is denied them in orphanages.

5/- to Mrs. R. W. Poynton, c/o Post Office, Tuwomwa, Qld.

### Pram and cot depot

IT would be a good idea to have in all cities and country towns a depot where mothers could hire out for a small fee perambulators and cots for infants.

This would save mothers a lot of trouble and inconvenience when taking a young family away on annual holidays.

5/- to T. M. Butterfield, Post Office, Pt. Augusta, S.A.

### Street guides on trams

I WOULD like to see tramway services issue to each conductor a street guide of the route through which the tram is travelling.

In this way strangers to the district could find the nearest stopping-places to the street they require and the right direction to take.

5/- to A. Dundas, c/o Royal Hotel, Newcastle, N.S.W.

### More fish

FISH should be used to supplement food in short supply.

If manpower and ships were made available and present prices lowered people would include fish in their diet more often.

5/- to Mrs. J. Kelly, 54 Silsae St., Mayfield, Newcastle, N.S.W.

### Quarter loaves

WITH the acute shortage of wheat a good idea would be to permit bakers to make quarter loaves.

Many single and married couples waste a good deal, as a half loaf per day must be purchased. Even a daily cut lunch does not use this quantity, and it leaves far too much to use as left-overs.

5/- to Mrs. T. Rose, 62 Cambridge St., Stanmore, N.S.W.

### Sewing-machine club

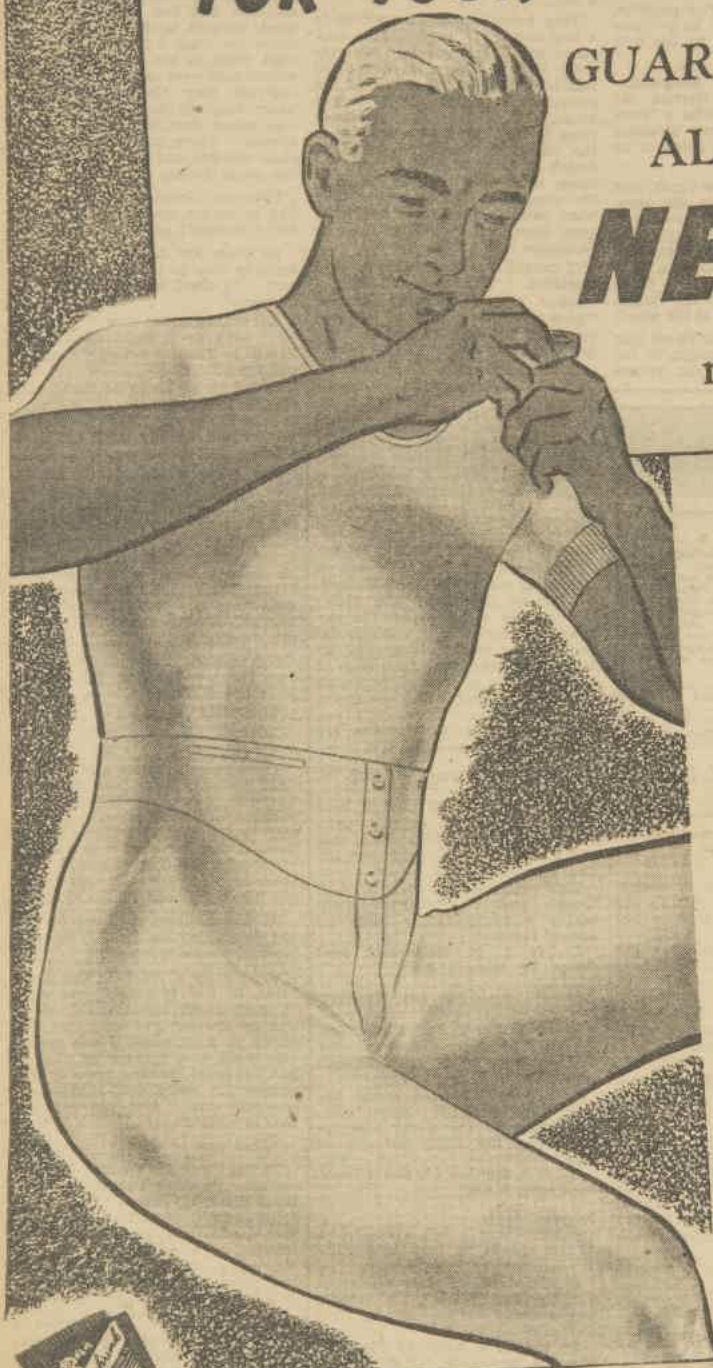
I WOULD like to see some enterprising firm start up a sewing-machine club from which women could hire machines.

As many women do not have their own machines, and as they are so hard to buy, such a club would aid many women who now have to do all the household mending and clothes alterations by hand.

5/- to Miss I. Billelt, 492 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.



**FOR YOUR MENFOLK . . . BUY THIS**  
**GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE**  
**ALL-WOOL UNDERWEAR**  
**NEVASHRINK**  
 made only by *Eagley*



Men who have already worn famous Nevashrink are unanimous in their praises for this Guaranteed Unshrinkable all-wool Underwear! They appreciate its rare softness—its cosy warmth—and revel in the fact that it retains its perfect shape and fit after every wash. All over Australia you will hear men saying, "There's never any 'squirming' or discomfort when you wear Nevashrink." That's why they're so enthusiastic about it!

**DESPITE REPEATED WASHINGS**  
**IT REMAINS SOFT, FLEECY**  
**AND PERFECT FITTING!**



**Another *Eagley* Triumph!**

The boys in the fighting services know the hard-wearing, unshrinkable qualities of Nevashrink socks. Over 4,500,000 pairs have been supplied to the Navies, Armies and Air Forces of the Allied Nations!

Now they are available in Winter weight and a variety of gay colours for civilian use. See these all-wool, ribbed socks today. Only 2 coupons per pair, and priced at 4/- throughout Australia.

**NEVASHRINK SOCKS NOW AVAILABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES**

You don't have to pamper Nevashrink garments. Wash them vigorously in warm, cleansing suds—they can't shrink because the actual cause of shrinkage has been removed by a unique process exclusive to Eagley. See this famous Nevashrink Underwear at your favourite store today—examine the complete range in light and heavy weight wool—and remember, Nevashrink costs no more than ordinary woollen garments.

**A COMPLETE RANGE OF  
 STYLES AND SIZES FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN**





JOHN MILTON, "The Singing Salesman," heard from 2GB every Friday at 4.30 p.m.

## Half-hour plays of merit

"Plays of the Week" presented every Tuesday evening at 9.30 from 2GB offers a high standard of entertainment.

Half-hour plays of outstanding merit are heard in this series.

A NUMBER of scriptwriters write these plays, and thus a variety of entertainment is achieved.

They are specially written for radio by various well-known scriptwriters.

Drama, comedy, mystery, and tragedy are represented among the plays, and experts in each type are selected to write the scripts.

Among the writers are James H. Martin, who was recently discharged from the Army on medical grounds, and Richard Lane, well known for his "Library of the Air" adaptations. Lane has also written several plays for the Macquarie Radio Theatre.

Enid M. Orr is another talented radio writer whose work is featured among the half-hour plays.

Actors heard in the series include Richard Ashley, Brenda Dunrich, Clark McKay, Ross Buchanan, Owen Ainley, Sidney Wheeler, Margaret Christiansen, John O'Malley, and Joan Lord.

### Popular tenor

JOHN MILTON, "The Singing Salesman," heard from 2GB every Friday night at 6.30, is so called because during the day he is a salesman at a big city store.

He is immensely popular with 2GB audiences, and his fan mail grows larger each week.

During four years' service with the A.I.F. overseas he was associated with the Jim Gerald and Jim Davidson entertainment unit in the Middle East, and served with an ambulance unit at El Alamein.

Little Keyes is accompanist to this singer. It is a quiet session that offers very pleasant listening.

## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, June 20: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, June 21 (from 4.30 to 4.55): Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Quiz."

FRIDAY, June 22: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."

SATURDAY, June 23: Goodie Reeve presents R & A's competitions, "Melody Fourtunes."

SUNDAY, June 24 (4.15-5.00): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, June 25: Goodie Reeve's "Letters from the Services."

TUESDAY, June 26: "Music from Other Lands."

F2852. — Smart autumn suit with unusual buckle effect. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36 in. wide, and ½ yd. 36in. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F3273. — Youthful shirt frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36 in. wide, and ½ yd. 36in. wide contrast. Pattern, 1/7.



## Fashion PATTERNS

F3398. — A "must" for mothers to be. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2189. — A casual dress-maker suit for the young and gay. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. wide, ½ yd. 36in. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

### SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Available for one month only from date of issue.

Children's Underwear Set



Sizes: 2-4, 4-6, 6-8 years.  
No. 1.—BLOOMERS: Requires ½ yd. 36in.  
No. 2.—BRIEF: Requires ½ yd. 36in.  
No. 3.—PYJAMA: Requires 1½ yds. 36in.

### Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department" to the address in your issue, as under:  
Box 288A, G.P.O., Adelaide Box 185G, G.P.O., Melbourne  
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth Box 468W, G.P.O., Sydney  
Box 489F, G.P.O., Brisbane Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle  
TASMANIA: Box 185G, G.P.O., Melbourne, N.Z.: Box 468W, G.P.O., Sydney (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.  
PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....  
STREET .....  
SUBURB .....  
TOWN .....  
STATE .....  
SIZE ..... Pattern Coupon, 21/6/48.

PLEASE NOTE:—To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post, you should:—Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, and COUPONS. State size required. For children, state age of child. Use box numbers given on this paper. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

## FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"ELAINE"

New style pyjamas in flannelette or crepe-de-chine.

Smart and yet casual, these pyjamas are made in a lovely, warm, white flannelette, or in rayon crepe-de-chine in pink or white.

Design shows a neckline which can be worn as rever or high Peter-Pan, shaped shoulder-yoke with fullness over bustline, long sleeves gathered into wristband, long jacket fastening down front with self-covered buttons, and self-tie waist. Trousers are finished with a half-elastic waist, and are long and roomy and gathered into an ankle-band.

Ready to wear: In flannelette. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 17/11 (14 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 19/11 (14 coupons). Postage, 1/9s extra.

Ready to wear: In rayon crepe-de-chine. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 21/19/11 (14 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 23/3/6 (14 coupons). Postage, 1/4s extra.



## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 607

### MATRON'S SLIP

Now available in white flannelette or rayon crepe-de-chine in pink or white, ready to cut out, stitch, and embroider. Design shows a wide shoulder-strap, round neckline, and a well-cut bodice. Skirt is slightly flared. Note embroidery motif.

In flannelette, Sizes 38 and 40in. bust, 9/11 (7 coupons); 42in. and 44in. bust, 10/6 (7 coupons).

In rayon crepe-de-chine, sizes 38 and 40in. bust, 19/6 (7 coupons); 42 and 44in. bust, 19/11 (7 coupons). Postage, 4½d. extra.

No. 608

### CHILD'S WARM NIGHTGOWN

Design for this sweet little nightgown is traced clearly on floral flannelette—pink and blue floral on white background, and is ready for you to cut out and make up. Note Peter-Pan collar (lace not supplied), long sleeves gathered into wristband at wrist, and long, roomy skirt with small shirred panel at each side. Bodice front is scalloped and buttoned.

Sizes 1 to 2 years, 6/11 (5 coupons); 2 to 4 years, 7/4 (5 coupons). Postage, 4½d. extra.

### No. 606 — MATRON'S PANTIES TO MATCH SLIP

The pattern of these panties is traced clearly on flannelette in white only, or on a light rayon crepe-de-chine in pastel pink and white, and is ready to cut out and make up. This song design shows a shaped waistband with an embroidered motif for working and long full legs taken in with a band.

In flannelette—sizes 42in. and 44in. hips, 5/3 (4 coupons); 46in. and 48in. hips, 5/6 (4 coupons).

In rayon crepe-de-chine—sizes 42in. and 44in. hips, 9/11 (4 coupons); 46in. and 48in. hips, 10/3 (4 coupons). Postage, 4½d. extra.





# Women of Europe suffer in aftermath of war



**Hungry.** French civilians eating food distributed from Allied sources. In northern Holland thousands are saved from starvation only by food from Canadian armies.



**Miserable.** These children, like thousands more in Europe, are living in the grim atmosphere of a cellar beneath the pile of rubble that was once their comfortable home.



**Cold.** A Paris woman seeks a little warmth coming from the air-vent of a Paris subway.

## Life has become a day-to-day struggle for mere existence

Radioed from Paris by GODFREY BLUNDEN

For you and for me war ended in Europe on VE-Day, but for millions of women in Europe VE-Day meant only one thing—bombing had ended.

For them the day-to-day struggle of keeping alive, of finding food for themselves and their families, of avoiding diseases which are everywhere in Europe to-day, is still intense.

**E**XCEPT in a few country districts in France and Austria, there is still no milk for children, no butter, no meat, and very few vegetables.

Except in France the schools are closed, but even in France thousands of children aren't sent to school, because they have no boots or shoes.

Millions of fathers and husbands have been killed, millions more imprisoned, others reported missing, perhaps never to be heard of again. In those parts of Germany where Allied armies fought, there has been rape and pillaging on a scale much greater than reported.

There has been the pillaging of food by Germans from other Germans.

In Northern Holland, thousands are dying of starvation. Here, there is practically no food whatsoever, except what the Canadian Army distributes.

In Belgium and France everybody deals on the black market. Butter is fifty shillings per pound—if you can get it. In Italy there is little macaroni, and spindle-legged little children beg in the streets.

I hesitate to think how conditions are in Poland and Western Russia. This is the aftermath of the war, when the Fourth Horseman of the Apocalypse—Conquest—stalks abroad.

The burden of preserving life, of making life go on, rests on the shoulders of the women.

Who can count the infinite small miracles of management performed every day by the women of Europe—bargaining for a pound of potatoes; bickering for an egg; the exchange of small, precious things for some necessity which will keep the children from aching hunger?

No one thinks of those large political problems which occupy mankind.

No one has time to reflect on the future for more than one day ahead. How they shelter their families is something to wonder at.

In every large city I've seen in Germany—Essen, Düsseldorf, Hanover, Magdeburg, Brunswick, etc.—there seems to be no place to live. Yet always there were many women and children who lived in cellars, air-raid bunkers, wooden huts, and in the fields.

The German mother surrounded with two or three small children would have some corner of a battered building to live in.

In middle-class homes in Germany I found plenty of evidence of effort by the industrious German housewives: cellars packed with home-preserved fruits, vegetables, kitchen gardens carefully tended for the bad days ahead.

But despite the appearance of well-being I saw no really sturdy children in Germany.

In Hanover there was a small-pox epidemic, and in a score of other places typhus, which the Germans had tried to confine to prison camps, was spreading.

Diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhoid are commonplace.

None of these diseases has reached the dimensions of a general epidemic, thanks mainly to the marvellous work of the American Red Cross. But one can imagine the anxiety of European mothers for their under-nourished children, with so many dangers abroad.

There are few doctors and nurses to attend the sick and no drugs except those supplied by the Allies.

Infantile mortality figures, where they can be ascertained, are higher than for any other period since before the war.

Perhaps the greatest problem facing the women of Europe to-day concerns their menfolk. The vast mixing up of populations hasn't yet sorted itself out, nor is it likely to for a year or more.

There are nearly three million

Frenchmen in Germany and millions of Germans in France. The Italians, Yugoslavs and Rumanians are mixed up everywhere.

Many millions of European women haven't seen their men for more than a few days' leave yearly. Others have lost trace of theirs.

There is also the moral problem for both men and women parted this way. They frequently form other liaisons.

In Germany the other day truckloads of French workers being returned to France after years of forced labor in Germany were followed by weeping German women, who have been their companions during that time.

Their own German men were being killed, or had been lost sight of on some other front.

It is a moral problem repeated so many times in war that it is commonplace in European life, but no less difficult to adjust. It's another burden for women's shoulders.

And then, when all is settling down, what about employment—what about work?

Men returning to their homes of this war are no longer as strong as they were. Many are wounded.

"How many children has Pat got now?" she asks another. "I remember how she used to sing all the way coming home for holidays."

"Oh, Pat's got her hands full now, two children, a boy and a girl, lovely children," grandmother chirps.

Coming back from Streaky Bay she doesn't carry mails officially, but collects letters for posting in the city from anyone who cares to bring them along to the roadside.

She slows down the bus slightly and grabs the proffered letters with an unflinching hand.

Mrs. Birdseye knows the road by heart, so that even at night she glides from one side to the other of the rough country road, side-stepping all boulders and potholes.

"The longest trip I've ever made without a break was close on 1600 miles straight," she says.

## Ace woman bus-driver does 1400 miles a week

By FRED A YOUNG

After 23 years at the wheel, South Australia's ace woman bus-driver, Mrs. Sylvia Birdseye, whose mileage would encircle the world 56 times, still loves driving.

**A**VERAGING 1400 miles a week, without emergencies, she covers at mid-week 470 miles from Adelaide via Port Augusta across Eyre's Peninsula to Streaky Bay in 15 hours with the help of a relief driver, of course.

This time includes stop-offs for meals, picking up and letting down passengers, discharging goods, and

after eight hours' sleep she is good-naturedly on the road home again.

Every Saturday night, covering some of the same ground, she takes mails from Adelaide to Port Lincoln, on the tip of Eyre's Peninsula, a distance of 450 miles returning to Adelaide on Monday.

I have just done the return trip to Streaky Bay with her.

I found that while I left the bus at journey's end, stiff-necked and with the posture of a walking armchair from which the chances of coming straight again seemed slight, Mrs. Birdseye, dressed in shirt-blouse and navy slacks, stepped down with the brisk business-like gait of 940 miles before.

She's a stickler for schedule, does everything with quick despatch, even talking, knows the news from her bus wireless as soon as it breaks, and is a keen radio serial fan.

She is alert to the highway, and one kangaroo at least has her quick reactions to thank for his life.

Mrs. Birdseye has become part and parcel of life on the peninsula.

"How's Bill looking now?" she asks a passenger of his soldier brother.



MRS. SYLVIA BIRDSEYE



**Homeless.** With millions of homes destroyed, family groups all over Europe are seeking shelter, a big problem for Allied controllers.

many ill, and all under-nourished. The wife of the working-man cannot expect her husband any longer to be as useful as he was, so already she has reconciled herself to working in a factory or the fields to provide that extra which is needed in the family.

Thus to-day you find in those parts of Europe where organised industries are returning to something like normal, women doing a large share of the work and demanding equal pay for it.

It is too early to calculate the women of Europe as a political force—they have far too many immediately urgent problems facing them. But as soon as there is anywhere an opportunity for political expression by women it will be made.

They will attempt this time to grapple with problems which men seem to have made such a bad job of.

"I left Streaky Bay at 8 a.m. one Monday, got to Clare, 390 miles away, at night, turned back to Port Augusta, 121 miles, then on to Pimba, over 144 miles north-west from Port Augusta.

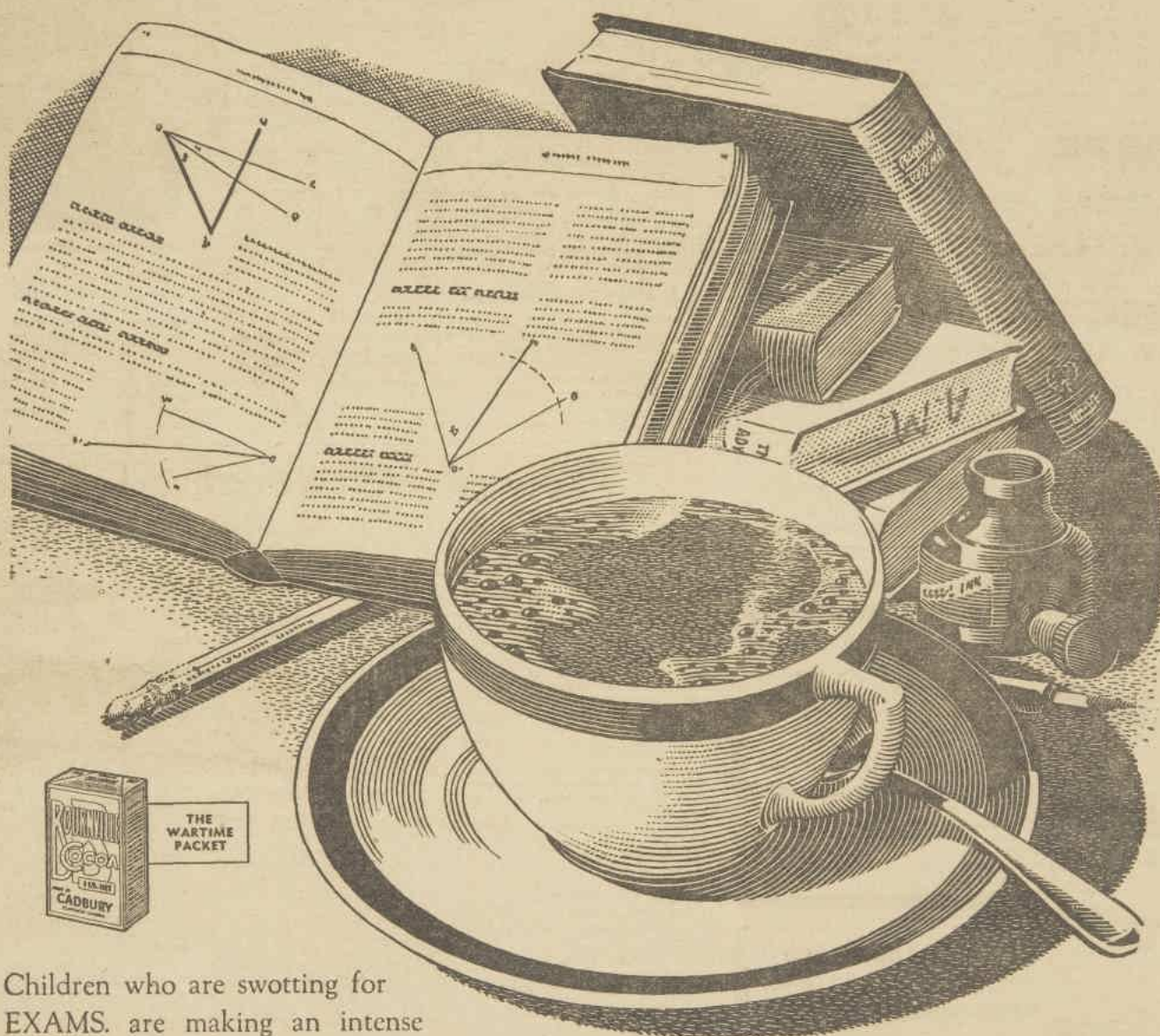
"From there I went out to Arcoona station, close on 30 miles, picked up a busload of shearers, and brought them straight back to Adelaide, had breakfast, and was off to Streaky Bay."

Perhaps the secret of her happy approach to an arduous life is an affectionate home circle. Her husband, Syd Birdseye, who seldom does the big trips now, manages the business at the home base.

Her son, also Syd, is a first-year medical student, and her pretty daughter Sylvia is a secretary at St. Peter's Girls' Collegiate.



# FOOD *for Study..*



Children who are swotting for EXAMS. are making an intense demand upon their mental energies.

When you serve their nightly Bournville Cocoa you will make supper a Food for Study.

A cup of Bournville Cocoa, made with milk and the addition of a little sugar, is 45 per cent. richer in food content than a cup of milk alone.

Bournville Cocoa with the real Chocolatey flavour, renews flagging energies and helps to keep young minds eager for further conquests.

## CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA

*Made by the Makers of Dairy Milk Chocolate and Energy Chocolate*





### ★★★ LIFE AND DEATH OF COL BLIMP

SCREENING for nearly three hours, this British film could have been cut to advantage, but, nevertheless, must be ranked as one of England's finest films.

Production and direction are of the highest standard, technicolor has been used with excellent effect, and the carefully selected cast tackle their difficult roles with understanding and brilliance.

The story covers forty years of the history of Britain as told through the life of a gallant soldier.

Roger Livesey does well as the central character; Clive Candy, although at times his acting is patchy, and rarely reaches the standard of Anton Walbrook's superb characterization of a German officer.

As the feminine lead, Deborah Keer contributes her usual good performance.

The title is based on Low's famous English cartoons—Embassy; showing.

### ★★★ MRS. PARKINGTON

FILMGOERS will sit comfortably in their seats for the 123 minutes of this richly warm presentation of the family life of an American businessman, adapted faithfully by MGM from the popular novel of the same name by Louis Bromfield.

For their fourth co-starring film, Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon have hand-picked roles in which they revel.

Satisfying in its emotional appeal, Mrs. Parkington is boldly painted on a broad canvas by the large cast, each of whom has contributed something worth while to the smooth production.

The scenario covers a period from

## Film Reviews

1875 to 1938, with the modern section allowing for frequent flash-backs, as the eighty-four-year-old Susie Parkington (Greer Garson) sees in review the dramatic highlights of her family life.

A black wig proves very becoming to Greer, and she "ages" neatly as she reaches the matriarch stage.

As the hard-living, ambitious Major Parkington, Walter Pidgeon has his best role.

Mrs. Parkington's children and grandchildren with one exception are a strange bunch. The exception, a granddaughter, is effectively handled by newcomer Frances Rafferty (Jane Stilham), and her dramatic interlude with Tom Drake (Ned Talbot) is charmingly sincere. Edward Arnold, Aimee Moorehead, and Gladys Cooper also contribute to the success of the film.

A little gem of characterisation is that of Cecil Kellaway as King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales. —St. James; showing.

### ★★★ WINGED VICTORY

EVERY male member of this almost documentary Fox film is a member of the American Air Force. They were recruited by Most Hart from various camps for the successful stage show, and now the film version is another accomplishment for all concerned.

The stories of six boys from various parts of America—their training for the Air Force and subsequent assignments as either pilots,

navigators, or bombardiers are all significantly told. There is very little of the war itself.

Everyone of the real-life young fledglings of the Air Force, including handsome Sergeant Edmond O'Brien, fresh-faced popular Private Lon Macallister, Corporal Don Taylor, and Corporal Mark Daniels, and all the rest, turn in performances which will be remembered long after they return to civilian life and programme films.

They bring no sticky sentimentality, but an honest understanding of the hopes, fears, frustrations, and friendships which surround the average young man with an urge to "ride the clouds."

Equally charming are the girls who play opposite. Jeanne Crain adds to her growing box-office appeal, and she is well supported by Jane Ball, Jo Carroll Dennison, and Judy Holliday.—Empire; showing.

### ★★★ AND NOW TO-MORROW

PARAMOUNT'S version of the Rachel Field best-selling novel is a tepid re-hash of the book, but although it's not inspired fare it is good entertainment.

The starring team of Loretta Young and Alan Ladd is mainly responsible for the success, and the

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent  
★★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars — below average.

pair are backed up by a strong supporting cast.

Miss Young appears as the spoiled rich girl who has lost her hearing. Ladd is the poor home-town doctor who cures her.—Capitol; showing.

### ★ LAW OF THE TROPICS

THIS is a sultry little number by Warners, co-starring Constance Bennett and Jeffrey Lynn. Setting is a South American rubber plantation, where men perspire profusely, but glamorous women such as Miss Bennett remain untouched by the moist heat. Incidentally the film gives Connie the chance to show some attractive floral cotton frocks, and to display some emotion when it is necessary. Jeffrey Lynn is good, and so is Regis Toomey. —Clivic; showing.

### FACES IN THE FOG

IT isn't possible to work up the slightest enthusiasm for this dull, little story of juvenile delinquency, turned out by Republic. Embarrassingly feeble melodrama puts the cast in an awkward spot, and it is only due to their general



REUNION in Hollywood for Lieut. Pierre Aumont and his wife, Maria Montez, when Pierre arrives on leave from Europe.

ability that the picture is saved from complete wreckage.

Jane Withers, as Mary Elliott — plump and appealing — makes a fairly credible young bride, torn between loyalty to her youthful husband Joe and her father.—Cameo and Lyric; showing.

## Pastoral

Continued from page 23

MARSHALL said very quietly: "It's the Air-Commodore," and scrambled to his feet. His tunic was unbuckled, and he could not work his hands sufficiently to button it, but he went forward to the truck, leaving Gervase sitting on the ground holding the thermos-flask. He had picked up his cap and managed to put that upon his head, and he achieved a parody of a salute.

Air-Commodore Baxter was not generally a fussy man, but he had little use for insolence; an officer who saluted awkwardly with his cap on crooked and his coat unbuckled was not the sort of officer he liked to have about him. "Is this your truck?" he demanded.

Marshall flushed. "Yes, sir." "What's it doing here?" "The pilot said: 'I've been to Oxford on a service trip, sir. I'm on my way back to the station.' " "Where are you stationed?" "At Hartley Magna."

"This isn't the road from Oxford to Hartley."

Marshall was silent. He knew that he was six or seven miles out of his course, and it was clear the Air-Commodore knew, too.

"Who is that young woman? Is she stationed at Hartley?" "Yes, sir. She's my fiancée."

Air-Commodore Baxter fixed him with a cold, grey eye. "If you think you can use Service transport for this sort of thing you're very much mistaken." He looked the pilot up and down. "Button up your jacket."

Marshall began to fumble with the buttons impatiently. In the background Gervase scrambled to her feet, straightening out her skirt.

"Do you know who I am?" the Air-Commodore demanded.

"Yes, sir." "Report to me at Group Headquarters, Charwick, to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. What's your name?"

"Flight-Lieutenant Marshall, sir."

There was a momentary pause. "Nightingale Marshall?"

The pilot hesitated. "Yes, sir." Gervase slipped up behind him, reached round, and did his buttons up one by one from the top. Marshall said: "I'm sorry, sir. I can't button things yet."

"I see." The Air-Commodore thought for a moment, and then turned to Gervase. "What's your name?"

She said in a small voice: "Section-Officer Robertson, sir."

Baxter stood looking out over the mill-pond at the chestnut trees in bloom, at the thermos and the paper bags upon the grass. They had picked a pleasant place, he thought. He turned to them again.

"Finish your tea and then take that truck back to Hartley," he said. "You ought to know better. I think you're a couple of fools. If you'd run it in behind those bushes there I'd never have seen it."

The pilot grinned faintly.

"Come and see me at Group, ten o'clock to-morrow morning, Marshall."

"Very good, sir."

The Air-Commodore turned, and walked to the car, and drove off. Gervase and Peter stood and watched it go, the pilot white and shaken.

"First time I've ever had a thing like that happen to me," he said.

Gervase said: "He won't do anything, Peter. It made a difference when you told him who you were."

"I'm not so sure," the pilot said gloomily. They turned and walked back over the short grass to their tea. "Conduct unbecoming of an officer and a gentleman, and conduct unbecoming to an officer and a gentleman," he said.

"It was pretty unbecoming," said Gervase. "I had to stop behind and do my tie, or I'd have come with you. I never knew that people did such silly things when they were in love."

He laughed and took her arm. She glanced up at him. "Anyway, Peter," she said, "your hands are much better . . ."

THEY drove back to the station in the truck and parked it in the transport yard. In the close privacy of the little cab they said good-night in suitable manner; then they got out and went each to their own quarters.

Next morning Gervase drove Marshall over to Group Headquarters at Charwick. She parked the truck and Marshall went into the offices.

A Waaf secretary conducted him to an inner office. The door closed behind him. Air-Commodore Baxter was writing at his desk. He laid down his pen and looked up at the young man standing on the carpet in the middle of the room.

"Morning," he said. "First, about that truck. I'm not going to have Service transport used for personal excursions, and you chaps may as well understand that right away. There's been a good deal of slackness about that recently, and it's got to stop. I'm sending a reminder out to all commanding officers to-day. I hope I shan't have to make an example. Understand?"

Marshall said: "Yes, sir."

"All right. Now about yourself. Wing-Commander Dobbie tells me that you've done twenty-eight opera-

tions of your second tour of duty, and that you're going off on sick leave. I understand you'll have to go before a Board before you fly again."

"That's what the Medical Officer told me, sir."

"That may take some time. Do you want to do a third tour in bombers?"

"Not very much. I'd like to be transferred to Coastal if I could. I was in Coastal before."

"All right. Any particular preference in Coastal?"

"I'd like to be on Liberators, sir. And I'd like to be in Scotland or the north somewhere. I don't want to go overseas much." He hesitated. "I'm just getting married."

"So I observed." The Air-Commodore made a pencilled note upon his pad. "Do you want to finish off your tour in bombers—two more operations?"

"Not specially, sir."

"Wing-Commander Dobbie tells me that your crew will have to be re-formed. It's hardly worth coming back to form up a new crew for only two operations, and then break it up again. You can go to Coastal right away, as soon as you are through your Board. If you like. You'll have three months ground duty before operations, of course, after this tour."

"I'd like to do that, sir."

"All right, Marshall. Anything you want me to see about?"

"I don't think so."

Air-Commodore Baxter got up from his desk. "How are your hands now?"

"Oh, they're getting better. I can move them a bit more each day."

"I'm sorry we're going to lose you. That was a good show you put up the other night. I'm having it marked on your record."

"Thank you, sir."

The Air-Commodore moved forward and held out his hand. "Good-bye, Marshall. Best of luck in Coastal. We shall miss you here."

The pilot went out.

Air-Commodore Baxter strolled to the window and stood there a minute watching the young man as he strode to the truck parked in front of the office, and began talking eagerly to the Waaf Section-Officer at the wheel.

A slow smile spread over the Air-Commodore's face as he turned back to his desk.

"The very stuff of England," he said quietly to himself.

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## 2GB YOUR FAVOURITE RADIO HIGHLIGHTS of the WEEK 2GB

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### MONDAY

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8 p.m.

### WEDNESDAY

Hints for Housewives . . .

"Good Neighbours"

Phil Farley conducts a household

"quiz" for housewives.

1 p.m.

### THURSDAY

Best Sellers Dramatised . . .

"Library of the Air"

Current Novel . . . "Anna Karenina"

with John Saul and Lyndell Harbour.

8 p.m.

### FRIDAY

"YOUTH SPEAKS"

Intelligent debates on subjects of

the day, by the youth of to-day.

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### SATURDAY

Personalities of Radio and Stage . . .

"Melodies and Memories"

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## 2GB THE NATION'S STATION! 2GB

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## Movie World

● VERA HRUBA RALSTON, attractive, blonde Czechoslovakian, is under contract to Republic Studios, and, although only 22, she has made a success of three different careers. First she studied the ballet for eight years in Europe; then became an

internationally famous ice-skater, and now is doing well as a dramatic actress. Miss Ralston is an expert linguist, speaking fluent Czech, English, German, Polish, and Russian. Her next film is "Lake Placid Serenade," with Robert Livingston.





1 IN 1944, Vincent Van der Lyn (Paul Henreid), member of Dutch underground, comes to Lisbon to contact confederates headed by Quintanilla (Sydney Greenstreet).



4 ONE OF THE AGENTS is killed, which indicates the presence of a traitor among their group. Irene arouses Vincent's suspicions by seeming to detain him.

## The Conspirators



2 UNKNOWN to Vincent, Irene (Hedy Lamarr) is also a member of the underground, and works with Quintanilla and Bernazsky (Peter Lorre).

### Tale of espionage and romance

LISBON, made fascinating and dangerous by the influx of refugees and spies from a war-torn continent, makes an intriguing backdrop for Warner's new adventure-romance, "The Conspirators." The screen story is based on a best-selling novel by Fredric Prokosch.

Peter Lorre, who has an important role in this film, was the man who, many years ago in Vienna, was responsible for Hedy Lamarr getting her first chance on the screen. He was playing the leading role in "The Trunks of Mr. O.F.," and one day he noticed Hedy sitting in the waiting-room—she had come to try for a job as script girl. Lorre, attracted by her beauty, insisted she had a small part in his film.



3 IN GRATITUDE for once saving her life, Irene has married Hugo Von Mohr (Victor Francen), who is professed anti-Nazi.



5 THAT NIGHT, Quintanilla summons members to the gambling casino, where he sets a trap for the killer. Von Mohr betrays himself, but manages to escape, and Vincent gives chase and shoots him to death.



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**MUM**  
TAKES THE ODOUR  
OUT OF PERSPIRATION



6 ON THE EVE of Vincent's departure on a mission behind the Nazi lines, Vincent and Irene promise their love to each other.

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## A subtle change of shoulder-line for wool frocks

● Soft, violet-blue woollen for a dress made with moulded torso done with draping to make the waistline slender. Dolman sleeves make the top wide and bulky. (Below.)



● A slender, tailored wool dress with flared-back basque to make it look like a suit. This also features deep-set armholes and a twisted applique waist section, with matching motif on the cuffs of the tight, long sleeves.

● Softly rounded shoulders are new in wool dresses. This model is done in red wool gabardine, has a drop shoulder-line, a crisply flared, basque-fitted jacket over a full-fronted skirt and slit, side-stitched pockets matching the saddle-stitched top.

● Wide-stitched bands are a feature of this deep-green, high-necked wool dress. The shirt-sleeves are deep-set at the armholes and joined with bands to match dress-front and hip-pockets. (Above centre.)



## Itchy, Dry Scalp?

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CLEAN PLUMS are the reward of the provident, careful backyard orchardist. Spray and prune the trees now for best results.



YOU CAN GROW perfect apples if you prune correctly and spray regularly during winter months for black-spot control.

## Get the best from your fruit-trees

● If you have a tree or two—or more—in the backyard you will reap a harvest in sound quality fruit by giving them winter care.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

**E**ARLY peaches, nectarines, and apricots should be pruned and put shipshape, and given a precautionary spraying against fungous diseases.

Peaches, nectarines, and almonds suffer from leaf-curl disease, a trouble that may not only defoliate the trees in early spring, but also greatly reduce the crop. Winter sprayings of either Bordeaux mixture or lime-sulphur will prevent, but not cure, this disease. The spraying must be done while the trees are leafless.

Borer grubs which cause gumming in stone-fruit trees should be removed by means of a piece of sharp

flexible wire. Remove the gum, sawdust, and dirt with a knife, and squirt a very little kerosene down the holes in the branches and trunks. The grubs will then come out and can be killed. Fill the holes afterwards with putty or chewing-gum, and paint the wounds with Stockholm tar.

Pome fruits (apples, pears, and quinces) will also need pruning. Get



SEE that shoulders of suits and dresses are properly balanced on a well-padded hanger, and securely buttoned so that they stay in place. Carelessly hung clothes rapidly lose their shape. Frances Rafferty, MGM, uses tissue-paper for insufficiently padded hangers.

### Miss Precious Minutes says:

IF you can spare it, add a cup milk to the spot of water in which you cook cauliflower. Improves flavor and appearance.

STITCH steel-wool to centre of calico pot-holder and you'll scour pots easily and without damage to hands.

AM told that you can keep borers away from furniture if you use polishing cloth moistened with kerosene. Finish off with dry, soft cloth. Repeat weekly.

OLD shaving brushes still have their use. Cut bristles fairly short, and use brush for applying white shoe-cleaner. Will give your white shoes a better finish.

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## Bright outlook for mothers-to-be

By MEDICO

MRS. WILTSHIRE looked a picture of maternal joy as she lay in bed with her five-day-old baby. The morning sun was streaming through the tall windows and gliding the masses of flowers which her many friends had sent to her at the hospital.

"To-day," I announced, "is up-day."

"I thought it was Tuesday," she replied. "But do you mean that I can get up to-day?"

"Right, first time. Everything has been quite normal since 'B-Day.' You sat in a chair for an hour yesterday, to-day you can get up and walk about just as much as you feel inclined to do."

"But doesn't that do things to you?" she asked.

"We used to think so," I replied, "but for several years now a careful study has been made of the results of getting up on the fifth day. When everything has been normal up till then, it was found that patients were better and stronger than those kept in bed for eight days. Their internal

organs came back to normal more effectively, too."

"Have you ever seen an Arab praying?" I asked.

"I've seen pictures of them," she replied. "Don't they bow down on their hands and chest with their head pointing toward the east or something?"

"You've got the right idea," I assured her. "Never mind about the east, but I want you for the next 25 days to spend 20 minutes a day on your bed imitating an Arab praying. That will do things to you," I added. "Good things."

"Your advice has given good results so far, doctor," said Mrs. Wiltshire, "so I'll certainly do as you say. When you told me six months ago that I should keep on working at my job right up to six weeks before the event, I half wondered whether that was wise, but now I realise that it was test for me."

"That's another thing we've found out lately," I said. "Provided proper ante-natal supervision is done, that you don't overwork, that heavy lifting or prolonged standing is avoided, it is quite safe to keep on working up till six weeks before."

"I'm so thrilled with myself," said Mrs. Wiltshire. "I'm wondering how long I should wait until I have my next. I think it's lovely to see children having each other's company and being about the same age. How long should I wait?"

"It used to be the rule that a woman needed a spell of two years between babies, but now we find that there is no disadvantage to the health of a normal woman to have a baby at a lesser interval than two years," I said.

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

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## For Very Cold Days

● The warm, comforting smell of well-cooked foods is a fine welcome home for the family at the end of a winter's day . . . the rich savory smell of meat puddings . . . the spicy aroma of gingerbread . . . the sweet heady smell of cooking fruit.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

**THESE** winter dishes make light work of meat, egg, and butter shortages.

All are served hot; all are interesting to eat, delicious in flavor; all have that satisfying quality demanded by winter appetites.

### FARMHOUSE FRUIT DOWDY

(Hot and oozing with apple and rhubarb . . . matches well a steaming dish of boiled mutton and parsley sauce.)

Six ounces self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, milk to mix, about 1 cup grated or chopped apple, about 1 cup finely chopped rhubarb, brown sugar.

Sift flour and rub in dripping. Add lemon rind and mix to a fairly soft dough with milk. Divide into four pieces, and press to rounds to fit basin. Place one piece in greased

basin and cover with a third of the mixed apple and rhubarb. Sprinkle liberally with brown sugar. Cover with a round of dough, and then more rhubarb, apple, and sugar, continuing until the mixture is used, placing last round of dough on top. Cover basin and steam the dowdy for 2 hours. Turn out and serve at once, with or without custard sauce. For four to six.

### INDIAN LAMB COBBLER

(Fruit, cheese, and coffee after this hearty . . . steaming tomato broth pepa up the digestive system for it.)

One and a half cups minced cooked lamb or other meat, 1 cup thick brown gravy, 1½ teaspoons (or to taste) curry powder, pinch mixed spice, 1 dessertspoon golden syrup, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cooking apple, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 cup raisins and/or sultanas, 4oz. self-raising flour, 1 dessertspoon butter, about 1-3rd cup milk.

Combine meat, gravy, curry powder, spice, syrup, parsley, grated apple, onion, and raisins, and heat thoroughly. Sift the flour, rub in butter and mix to a soft dough with milk. Knead lightly. Season hot meat mixture to taste, and turn into greased cake-tin. Cover with soft round of dough, pressed to size of tin. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) for 20 to 30 minutes. Turn out on to hot platter, meat side uppermost. Garnish centre with rosette of parsley. Serve with baked tomatoes and very hot shredded cabbage, cooked until just tenderly crisp and seasoned well. For four.

### STEAK AND KIDNEY PUDDING

(Another English triumph! Pair with hot baked apples . . . it's these simple meals that are the test of good cooking.)

Ten ounces suet pastry, 1lb. round steak, 1 onion, 2 or 3 sheep's kidneys, 1 cup chopped vegetables as carrots or celery or mushrooms, 2 tablespoons flour, about 1 teaspoon salt.

Line a basin with about two-thirds of the suet pastry. Cut up meat, onions, and kidneys (scalded and skinned). Add vegetables, flour, and salt. Moisten with 1 or 2 tablespoons water. Fill lined basin with meat. Top with remaining suet crust. Tie in cloth securely and steam or boil 2½ hours. Remove pudding-cloth, fold table-napkin round basin, and serve piping hot.

PIPING-HOT steak and kidney pudding can be varied in a dozen ways. In place of kidneys try mushrooms, oysters, tomatoes, celery, capicum or curry-powder with raisins and apples.

### GINGERBREAD UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

(Another chill chaser . . . super after a casserole of creamed rabbit and mushrooms.)

One cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking soda, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 tablespoons treacle, 1 cup milk, 1 cup melted shortening, sliced pears or apples cooked but firm.

Thickly grease small cake-tin and sprinkle bottom with brown sugar. Arrange fruit on bottom. Sift flour, soda, salt, and spices. Combine remaining ingredients and stir into flour, mixing quickly to a smooth batter. Pour over fruit and bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) for 40 minutes. Turn out and serve hot.

### LEMON GLAZE PUDDING

(Luscious and lemony . . . try after lamb's fry and onions with minted whole potatoes and carrot straws.)

Six ounces flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 3oz. soft white breadcrumbs, 4oz. suet or good beef dripping, water, 1 large fresh lemon, brown sugar.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and cinnamon. Chop in shredded suet or rub in dripping and add the breadcrumbs. Mix to a dry dough with water. Roll two-thirds of pastry to line a small pudding basin. Scrub lemon and gash with knife in several places and place in basin. Sprinkle liberally with sugar, about 1 cup. Cover with remaining suet crust. Cover and steam or boil 2 hours. Serve hot and freshly made, discarding lemon and serving crust and syrup. For four.

### CURRIED CREOLE SOUP

(Pepper-pot variety rich with the flavor of beef-bones . . . fine choice before roast seasoned rabbit and hot apple pie.)

Two to three pints beef stock, 1 cup lima beans soaked for at least 12 hours, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon margarine or bacon fat, 1 cup diced celery, 1 cup tomato puree, 1 apple, 1 tablespoon hot chutney, 2 teaspoons curry powder.

Cook the beans in the stock until tender, 1 to 2 hours. Saute the finely chopped onion, drain, and add to the soup. Add the celery, tomato puree, chopped apple, chutney, and curry powder. Simmer 20 minutes and correct seasoning to taste.

### MORNAY VEGETABLE FLAN

(Very hot and cheesy . . . multi-gatwny soup first, baked tomatoes with the flan, and casserole of hot pears to follow.)

Six ounces flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 3oz. dripping, water, 1 cup diced cooked carrot, 1 cup diced cooked celery, 1 cup diced cooked parsnip, 1 cup any other vegetable (as potatoes, mushrooms, peas, cauliflower, cabbage), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1½ cups white sauce, 1 cup grated cheese.

Sift flour, salt, and baking powder. Rub in dripping and mix to a dry dough with cold water. Roll to thin sheet and line a flan-ring or tart-plate. Trim edges, glaze with milk, and bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) until crisp and brown—about 15 minutes. Combine carrot, celery, parsnip, other vegetables and parsley. Turn into flan-ring, cover with white sauce, and top with cheese. Return to hot oven to heat thoroughly and brown. For four to six.



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## Home cook's recipe: Super eggless cake

● First prize to pumpkin fruit  
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ical. Consolation prizes to  
a favorite marmalade, excellent  
in-a-jiffy-cake, and a  
savory pie.

THESE days in the kit-  
chen are not as easy  
as they have been.

Thoughtful house-  
wives will be glad to share  
their successful ideas for feed-  
ing the family on shortened  
rations with others.

Each week carefully selected  
recipes from readers are printed on  
this page. Each recipe is awarded  
a cash prize.

### PUMPKIN FRUIT CAKE

One cup cooked mashed pumpkin,  
1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon  
butter or cake margarine, pinch of  
salt, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate  
of soda, 2 cups flour, 1½ teaspoons  
cream of tartar or substitute, 1 cup  
currants, 1 cup sultanas, 1 tablespoon  
finely chopped candied lemon peel  
or 1 teaspoon grated orange rind.

Combine the pumpkin, sugar, and  
butter. Add the salt and milk in  
which soda has been dissolved. Sift  
flour with cream of tartar or sub-  
stitute and stir into pumpkin mix-  
ture. Stir in fruit and peel. Turn  
into a well-greased cake-tin and  
bake in a moderate oven for 1 to 1½  
hours.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Aileen  
Headland, 23 Hannah St., Benalla,  
Vic.

### ORANGE AND APPLE MARMALADE

One lemon, 3 Granny Smith  
apples, 3 small oranges, 6lb. sugar,  
12 cups water.

Wash lemon and oranges, and  
peel the apples thinly, and core.  
Slice fruit very thinly, cover with  
water, and leave 24 hours.

Bring slowly to the boil, simmer  
until tender, about 1 hour. Add  
warm sugar, and cook quickly until  
it jells when tested. Bottle, seal,  
and label.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs.  
E. Keown, 19 Cliff St., Manly, N.S.W.



MAKE THE STOCK POT extend to the farthest degree the flavor of  
meat. Use knuckles, bones, and trimmings for first and second stock.  
Frances Gifford, MGM star, reminds you not to overcook soup vegeta-  
bles. Allow only sufficient cooking time to tenderise.

### QUICK MIX CAKE

One packet (8oz.) pastry mix, 1  
cup brown sugar, 1 packet (12oz.)  
mixed fruit, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate  
of soda, 1 teaspoon grated orange or  
lemon rind, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk.

Mix together the dry ingredients.  
Add orange rind. Then stir in the  
well-beaten eggs mixed with the  
milk. Bake in a moderate oven for  
1½ hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J.  
B. Robertson, 14 Allworth St., Kurri  
Kurri, N.S.W.

### DOUBLE CRUST SAVORY PIE

Ten ounces short pastry, 1 onion,  
2 or 3 rashers of bacon, 1lb. minced  
meat, 2 or 3 tomatoes, pepper and  
salt.

Line a small swiss-roll tin or tart-  
plate with half the pastry. Chop  
onion and bacon finely and combine  
with mince-meat. Add about 1 tea-  
spoon salt and ½ teaspoon pepper.

Spread on the pastry. Cover with a  
layer of sliced tomatoes. Sprinkle  
with pepper and salt. These may be  
also topped with a thin layer of  
breadcrumbs lightly seasoned with  
sage. Top with remaining rolled  
pastry. Glaze with milk and bake  
in hot oven for 10 minutes, and re-  
duce heat and cook for further 30  
minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to E.  
Pescott, 39 Dixon St., Malvern, Vic.

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